

THE
HISTORIES

OF

Lady FRANCES S——,

AND

Lady CAROLINE S——.

Written by the Miss MINIFIES,
Of Fairwater, in Somersetshire.

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THE
HISTORIES
OF

Lady FRANCES *and* Lady
CAROLINE S-----.

Lady LUCY WALTON *to Miss*
HAMILTON.

In continuation.

AM return'd from a very
agreeable airing, in which
I was so happy as to have
Miss Carlton for my companion.
Her father left two younger children,
both girls; one eight, the other
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seven years old : and so great was his opinion of this young Lady, that tho' but sixteen, he made her independant mistress of an ample fortune. Mrs. Carlton's grief for his death being more lasting than violent, is now settled into such a despondency, that she seldom sees any person, but those of her own family, and a maiden Lady, her sister ; who spends great part of her time with them. Thus dispirited, she has not power, at least inclination, to attend to the education of her younger daughters. Yet might she be said by giving her eldest the most liberal and useful one, to have laid up in her mind, a sufficient fund of improvement, which is convey'd to them with so much good sense, that the deficiency
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can never be felt, since by her so fully supplied. She is loved and obey'd by them, with no other fear, than that of offending her. To which love, I attribute their early proficiency in the polite sciences; she being their instructress. If I have stepped out of my way to give the character of Miss Carlton, the same reason brings me back to Lady Frances, with alacrity, and bids me congratulate myself whenever I am writing to my Juliet. Every instance of merit in one of our own sex, undoubtedly reflects a degree of lustre on the whole. Of consequence, the more we find among us, the more we may allow ourselves to indulge our darling passion. A pride too, compatible with reason;

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as it proceeds from a laudable motive ; that of wishing to see ourselves restored to our primitive dignity, which some wretches, not deserving the name of women, have so greatly debased. Nor can I think those altogether blameless, who are content with keeping free from capital errors, and in a stupid security do nothing to support the common cause ; but I will leave those worthless insignificant beings for examples truly deserving. Every exalted principle that can do honour to human nature, fills the breast of her who is now going to pursue her narrative. And let me tell you, I pride myself not a little, that she has given me an opportunity, tho' only as an empty echo, of conveying it to you.

—My

—My uncle, continued her Ladyship, having sent his valet to town, with orders to wait my father's answer to his letter, not doubting it would be favourable, was greatly pleased to see the swift progress of our affections. And his eyes would overflow with tenderness, at reading in the countenance of the good Mrs. Worthley the expressive joy that then appeared. So much was he disposed to think his proposals would be assented to, that many a plan for our future happiness did he lay down; which was to be gilded with his and Mrs. Worthley's presence. It was in the midst of those delightful prospects, that we were inform'd of the messenger's return. How that moment did my

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heart beat with expectation! how did impatience flush the cheek of Mr. Worthley! whilst my uncle, with a composure of which nothing could divest him, ordered him to be admitted.—The full eye, the dejected countenance, soon shewed all these pleasing views were overshadow'd. Alas! how transient is imagination! how quick the diversity of scenes succeed one another, which hang upon uncertainties! Instead of having our hopes confirm'd, a reproachful silence was the only return my tender uncle met with from my less tender father. My apprehensions increas'd on the servant's telling his Lordship, that he had learnt from Mrs. Dalton, I was to be sent for immediately.

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The moment he was dismiss'd, just then Mr. Worthley leaving the room almost distracted, I sunk down on the floor, clung about my uncle's knees, and besought him not to let them tear me from him. Mr. Worthley returning, assisted in raising me ; then threw himself on the same place, in an agony that pierced my soul ; diffident to speak, yet his looks expressing every thing. If tenderness is a degradation to man, how was the most worthy then degraded ! what a vulgar, what a mistaken opinion is this ! if ever resolution is unaccompanied by gentleness, it loses its nature, and instead of being the offspring of real courage, becomes the child of inflam'd brutality.—Never did he appear to

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me half so amiable as then. His words finding vent, tho' hardly articulate, his manly eyes full of tears, full of imploring sweetness, lifted up to my uncle, as to his judge, whose mercy he petitioned; Must I, must I, my Lord, said he, relinquish all my fond expectations? May I not still love her? Oh, suffer me still to adore her. He could say no more — What, my dearest Charles, what, my dearest Fanny, can I say, can I do, to give you comfort? Could my fortune, nay my life procure it for my children, freely should it be theirs. That you love each other, I have long with pleasure observed; even before you yourselves reveal'd it to me: may the purity of your inclinations
draw

draw on you a blessing from the God of all purity. Time, and his providence, may perhaps effect what I have so unsuccessfully attempted. This paternal benediction gave a pleasing alleviation to our grief; but all my hopes, on the arrival of my father's chariot with Mrs. Dalton, were put an end to. This was a note she deliver'd to me: you will see by the menacing stile what I had further to expect.——

“ Daughter, I forbid any one to come to town with you, but the person I send for that purpose. Dare to disobey me at your peril. Your affectionate or enraged father, as you merit.”——

What affected me most, was the fresh indignity offer'd to my uncle;

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which to be the cause of, was to me a very shocking reflection : but no resentment could long harbour in his bosom : to say that he is devoid of passions, would be robbing him of a treasure, with which heaven has enrich'd his mind : to some indeed the passions are enemies, whose force is so great that it requires all our strength of soul to arm against them ; but in his breast they sleep like sure friends, and wake only at the call of reason. Taking me aside a few minutes before my departure ; You see, my child, said he, how ill my endeavours have succeeded, in a point where yours and my dear Worthley's peace were equally concerned. I presumed not to direct my brother, in the disposal of his daughter ;

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daughter ; but imagining the nearness of our blood might excuse the freedom of my advice, I gave it to him unask'd, and with the less restraint, having thus far been taught to look on you as my own.—Must I no longer be your daughter ! impatiently interrupting him. O Sir ! pardon me. Pardon the indignity offer'd through my means. Withdraw not your protection from your otherwise poor unprotected girl.—

You mistake me, my dear, my best Fanny, he replied ; never can you be less mine, than you have ever been. What I meant was, that I shall no longer be allow'd to call you so ; and depend on it, my good girl will be forbid from lavishing so much sweet duty 'on one whose

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advice I must say has been contemptuously treated.—I reddened at a supposition of this kind, and answered with more warmth than I had ever before shewn in his presence,—Who can or shall controul it? Death may indeed suppress it, but never, never—and was going on, when smiling at my eagerness, and taking both my hands in his, thus kindly did he check it.—Does my child know, that whilst she is giving me so large a share of her duty, she also gives me as large a power of reproof? Few people in power, but are fond of exercising it; and I shall now mingle as much as is necessary with what I am going to say.—God Almighty, my dear, has sent you parents not altogether

ther free from faults: who of his creatures can be accounted so?— But if theirs are more conspicuous than many others, again they have some desirable qualities, which are not alike bestow'd on all. My brother's disposition was naturally good, before he knew what it was to be disobedient; and from disobedience what it was to be unhappy.—Is it then wonderful that he could not meet the frowns of fortune with the same temper of soul he did her smiles? Few can boast so large a share of resolution; a resolution almost superior to our natures. His passion for your mother was at that time, and is still, the sole director of his actions, and in many respects has greatly misled him:

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him : for tho' heaven has endow'd her with an understanding superior to most women, she baffles its design by perverting it to improper uses. Had *she* been less beautiful, you might have been more happy. But cherish this satisfactory reflection, that in the midst of her follies, she preserves an unblemish'd reputation.—These parents, faulty as I own their conduct to you has been, are the persons whose commands you must punctually, and with readiness obey : else would you become more inexcusable than themselves. The utmost failure in a parent's duty, for a duty is certainly owing from them, does not excuse the slightest breach in that of a child ; who owes to them its

ex-

existence. On the contrary, how meritorious is a strict observance of it, when *their* behaviour is not altogether such as it ought to be. It is this circumstance only, that can make obedience meritorious. For if you meet with nothing but tenderness from them, all the duty, all the reverence you could return, would be surely nothing more than a selfish desire of continuing, or increasing the pleasure, which you are conscious proceeds from their indulgence. Where you have none of this to attract your regard, there is something refin'd and noble in keeping up to those rules of respect and love which are certainly their due. For are we not taught to honour them? but can you shew
me

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me where we are appointed judges over them? No intricate mazes can be found in this plain, yet enforc'd command: and the greater the difficulties you encounter, the greater will be your glory in fulfilling it.— I mean this, my dear, as a preventive, not restorative; for hitherto your conduct has been calculated to give, rather than to want, such instructions. But consider, you may soon perhaps experience a different treatment from any you have yet encounter'd. May not the uneasiness of your situation, push you forward to a step unworthy of yourself? Never (my dear girl) let any consideration force you to deviate from the right path; for how would the least deviation eclipse your brighter actions.

actions. I have prevail'd on Mr. Worthley, continued he, to give over all thoughts of attending you to town, or any part of the way; and have convinced him, that the best methods he can pursue, if ever he hopes to obtain you, is a patient resignation to the will of those who gave you being. — Whilst I was listening to my revered director, laying up his precepts in the inmost recesses of my mind, the chariot being ready that was to carry me from him, stopp'd at the door, and I threw myself into it, without regarding Mrs. Dalton, who stood by it with a kind of respectful, yet insolent distance. She follow'd, and I then lost sight (as I thought) of every friend this world had afforded me ;

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me ; having at that time scarce acquaintance enough with your Ladyship, to hope for the addition I have since received.—I forbear mentioning the melancholy scene of parting, which was the most distressful, and may with more ease be imagined than described. Being late when I alighted at my father's, and recollecting, when I saw the number of chairs surrounding the door, that this was my mother's visiting day, I hurried to my own apartment; for to have been observ'd by any of the company, thus situated, would have caused me some mortification. Sending a proper message to my father and mother, with a desire of paying them my duty, I was ordered by the latter to wait
their

their leisure. My spirits as well as body were much fatigued ; the communicative Mrs. Dalton having added (not a little) to the weight on the former, by telling me, there was a noble Lord design'd for my husband ; and that the match would be concluded as soon as I came to town. Tho' greatly shock'd, I too well knew this woman for the creature of my mother, not to be cautious of saying before her any thing that might be represented to my prejudice. So forbore even to enquire his name ; and struggled with my heart, that my looks might betray nothing of its perplexity : but without a question, she was inclined to satisfy me in every particular.—“ Lord Milford was just come
“ off

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“ off his travels ; Lord Milford was
“ esteem’d the handsomest Noble-
“ man in England—nobody dress’d
“ so elegantly as his Lordship. In
“ short, half the Ladies about the
“ court would die with envy (she
“ said) when I was Lady Milford.
“ Every thing is agreed on, and his
“ Lordship is all impatience to see
“ you.”—Thus, with a million of
such impertinences, did this cruel
creature take a pleasure in torment-
ing me.—Had she told me I was
destined to perpetual imprisonment,
that sound would have been more
grateful to my ear. To be the wife
of a man I had never seen, or to
be disobedient to the commands of
those who had a right to dispose of
me, what a dreadful alternative !

Had

Had I not known Mr. Worthley, how could I have assented to the proposals of one who acted with so little delicacy! He was a stranger to my mind, or would have seen how much it despised such mean proceedings: besides I had given mine, and received the vows of Mr. Worthley, having (with a probability that a favourable moment might arrive to alter my father's opinion) left him tolerably happy. But what, thought I, will he feel when he hears the difficulties in which I am going to be involv'd! Can all I write restore his quiet, while in danger of being forced to sacrifice the hopes I have allow'd him to entertain, to the wills of my peremptory enraged parents! For can he

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he think mine singly will prevail against such strong opponents ! yet if the utmost resolution can prevent it, this I am mistress of, and will never voluntarily consent to retract that promise, given with my whole heart. Tho' I have no prospect of gaining my mother's tenderness, with little room to expect a return of my father's, yet will I endeavour it, by observing those rules my uncle has prescrib'd. Who knows but some kindly spark may lie conceal'd in their bosoms, which, when cherish'd, may influence them to shew me some compassion ! In this manner was I reasoning, when my father came alone into the antichamber. I was struck with reverence at seeing him ; an
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inexpressible affection came over my soul as he moved towards me ; and throwing myself at his feet, a shower of tears relieved my mind from its violent oppression. Scarcely could I support my rapturous conflicts, when looking at me with visible transports, I found myself locked in his dear paternal arms. Without speaking, he press'd me to his bosom, and I felt a tear fall on my cheek, as he kiss'd it ; glowing with delight. He held me thus for near a minute, when my mother interrupted us. The dear awful silence. What would I not have given for one such mark of maternal fondness ! but different, far different was the reception I met with from her Grace. " 'Tis mighty well, my
" Lord,"

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“ Lord,” finding me happy as I have described ;— “ in this manner, do
“ you encourage the girl who would
“ bring disgrace on us? No wonder
“ children are undutiful, when parents descend so much from their
“ authority.” — Why, replied I (humbling myself before her) why will not your Grace suffer my actions to convince you, that a little tenderness, a little confidence shewn to your child, would never diminish the power God has given you over me? Her looks were fixed on me, it is true ; but instead of that complacency visible in my father’s, they seem’d to gather fresh resentment. He try’d to moderate her anger, by saying he doubted not but my future behaviour would merit more
of

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of their regard than was proper for them at present to express. She made no answer, but by a contemptuous smile shew'd he had offended; and he retired, leaving us together.—I suppose his Grace has told your Ladyship, speaking scornfully, with what intention he has taken you from the good match-maker, your uncle!—How, Madam! my uncle! indeed my uncle is all goodness; depreciate the poor victim before you, but let not your displeasure fall on the best, the worthiest of men.—I know him not by that title, insolence! and from this instant you have my particular orders never more to look on this best, this worthiest of men, as you are pleas'd to call him, but as a most subtle ene-

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my to our family, which he wants to bring on a level with his own low desires.—How could I have rein'd-in my passion in the presence of any other than the person who pronounc'd this piercing sarcasm? but here I only reply'd, I wanted no other reason for my being recall'd than that it was her's and my father's pleasure to command it. — That is not all child, with an air of derision; we have heard you want, like other young women, to have a house and equipage of your own; so to prevent you from throwing yourself on a beggar, without a title, have provided you a husband not unworthy our alliance; tho' his ancestors are less taken notice of in history than
some

some are, and tho' he has no house in Grosvenor-street, yet I think these can be no objections, when you see how much he is prepared to admire you.—As my pain encreas'd, she seem'd more satisfied, and (looking at her watch) told me, repose would be the best restorative for my complexion. — Lord Milford (added she) expects to see something extraordinary in you; if he should be disappointed, I know not the consequence.—Indeed I cannot wish to appear agreeable in his eyes; I cannot wish to be seen by any person, whilst I suffer so much from your Grace's displeasure.—I shall get your father to talk to you on this subject, since you complain your sufferings from me are so grievous.

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I have not patience to speak, or listen to such an ungrateful, such a designing girl,—and was going from me. O Madam! leave me not thus distress'd! If I have offended, let me on my knees obtain your pardon: turn not your head from a suppliant daughter. Pity me that it is not in my power, tho' greatly in my will, to gain your confidence.—Are you not my mother, my dearest mother? is not that respected character wrote on your countenance? it is, it must be the exact copy of your heart.—Now shall I be happy; *that* eye does not contradict the charming hope. O let me be the child of your affection! and my life would be too small a purchase for so vast a blessing.—

Her

Her looks grew milder as I spoke ;
the visible change fill'd me with ex-
tacy. — Taking her half-reluctant
hand, I kiss'd it with rapture ; but
my joy was too exquisite to be of
long continuance ; for looking at me
with abated kindness, and drawing
it from me, What means (said she)
all this insinuating art ? Let your
actions speak for you. Words are
too much at your disposal to be by
me regarded. If you are not re-
fractory to mine, and your father's
inclinations, chearfully consenting to
marry Lord Milford at our time,
you shall see I can be that mother
you seem not at present to think
me.—She then left the room ; and
I, wearied in body, and harrafs'd in
spirits, retired to sleep, which for a

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long time I courted in vain. Well has Doctor Young adapted these lines, to a case that was then my own.—

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he
forakes :

Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfullied with a tear.

At last, overcome with my affluities, its kindly influence sooth'd me into forgetfulness. — I was attended the next morning by Dalton, who, after a short preface, acquainted me she was to officiate as my servant. — Who then waits on my mother? — Her Grace, Madam (replied she) is provided with another. — Very well, Mrs. Dalton; I shall
require

require but little of your assistance. — She hoped I was not dissatisfied at her being placed about my person.—Not in the least, I said; My mother's orders shall never be disputed by me. And I suppose, Mrs. Dalton, your vigilance may be relied on. — This I could not help saying, because convinc'd she was intended as a spy on my actions; or for no other reason would she have been dismiss'd from her first attendance: besides I knew her to be designing, cruel, and avaricious. Her treatment of me, when a child, I remember'd with dislike; and after my return from school, she became my aversion; giving me reason to think her the means of my receiving some usage from my mother,

which it pains me to recollect. That low people are capable of great mischief, when from a state of dependency we make them our confidants, and companions, I learnt from this woman: for tho' much beneath my mother's conversation, such benefits arise from it, that by an artful conduct she kept out every rival from her favour.—But to return. A guilty conscience, I believe, accused her; she grew pale as ashes, and with much hesitation and confusion said, She was sure her Grace could not upbraid her with a breach of trust, or least failure of duty. She was very sorry to discover my dislike; she only came to know when I chose to dress, and waited my commands,
which

which she should be always proud to obey. I thought if this conversation was represented to my mother, I should not find any advantage from it ; so behaved more civilly than I was otherwise disposed to do ; desiring she would fetch a blue night gown, and some linen, which I would put on. — Did I chuse to appear in dishabille ? — Why, Mrs. Dalton, am I not as usual to breakfast alone ? and pray, what does it signify how the body is dress'd, when the mind is in disorder ? — She was bid to tell me that Lord Milford intended breakfasting with the Duke and Dutches. — But not with me, I hope, Mrs. Dalton. — She believed, my company would be required. — No matter,

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I would not alter my dress. But, dear Mrs. Dalton, frightened at his very name, step to them, and beg for me a few moments audience before he comes.—She went, and I was ordered to my mother's dressing room. Hoping to find them alone, I precipitately enter'd it; and the first person I saw was my father. Afraid to look farther, and almost bewilder'd with my fears, I once more prostrated myself before him; but scarcely had my bent knee touch'd the floor, when I was hastily snatch'd from it; and turning my head, knew it must be Lord Milford, who had officiously done it, tho' I had never before seen him. Setting me on my feet, he bow'd respectfully enough; but
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seeing

seeing my mother present, and being surpriz'd and seized on thus unexpectedly, I had some difficulty to return his compliment. My father taking my trembling struggling hand, put it into his Lordship's, who was pleas'd to declare its value, by saying, he was unworthy so vast a treasure. — Very different did these words sound, when spoke by the man whose image was scarce a moment from my mind : his countenance confirm'd what he said ; whilst Lord Milford gave his tongue the lye. — As soon as the breakfast was remov'd, my father and mother both withdrew ; gladly would I have follow'd, but knew it was in vain to attempt it. — Before I proceed, it may not be improper to

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give your Ladyship a short sketch of his person, and manners: the former rather agreeable, than the reverse: he has, what is generally stiled, a genteel appearance; but this fits on him more like a borrow'd dress, than one given him by nature; whose true ornaments are easily distinguish'd from the false ones of art, which discovers itself by aping with superfluous gallantry, its beautiful and nameless dignity.

—He thinks himself a man of politeness; this opinion helps him to a certain assurance in his behaviour, not consistent with it; unless to minds who take for an accomplishment the boldness of spirit which strikes a terror into those less daring than his own. — You may suppose
(such

(such as I have describ'd him) it was not long before he attack'd me with all the rhetoric of a lover ; and with as little reserve, as if this had not been the first time of his addressing me in that character.— I suppose, Madam, placing himself in a chair next me, I suppose your Ladyship is not a stranger to the honour intended me ; may I hope. —Pardon me, my Lord, the intention of your visits makes me averse to receiving them.— Their Graces, your father and mother, Madam, have both bid me aspire, or — or what, my Lord, a little angrily — or I could never have presum'd to raise my eyes to so much loveliness. —I thought this had been the first time of my having the honour to
see

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see your Lordship; but you act prudently, Sir; for certainly where the parents consent is obtain'd, that of the child's can be of small or no consequence. — And I believe my looks express'd more than he could well relish—he hemm'd, was at a loss; but recollecting his own importance, *that* at once reliev'd him from his uneasy timidity: a sensation he is seldom affected by.—If I have given room for your Ladyship's displeasure by making a wrong application, please to consider that those encomiums the world were lavish of, tho' not doing justice to such heavenly beauty, were enough to make me love, in imagination, what I now in reality adore. Am I then very culpable in being early in my solicitations?

tions? — If he thought my heart so poorly guarded as to yield when thus attack'd, he was never more distant from his design; for who (should an enemy approach without disguise) would blind themselves, that they might not be at the pain of seeing him.—If this invader, flattery, gains any advantage (unless in minds that are always open for its reception) it must be in a borrow'd form; common-place flattery being too well known for an admittance in its own.—Observing me redden with stifled indignation, and attributing it to the cause most agreeable to his vanity, he would have taken my hand, which I withdrew with some disdain, saying, as I never intended to encourage his addresses,
this

this was a freedom inconsistent with my inclinations.—He rose from his chair, walked about the room, then returned, hoped this was not my final determination; he should be miserable if it was; his life and fortune were at my disposal, would I but give him the most distant prospect.—Once or twice I was going to disclose to him my preference of Mr. Worthley, but was often prevented by the fear of what consequences might follow.—I soon perceived that want of compassion and generosity were not the least of his failings; for when, as the greatest favour he could confer on me, I begged him to decline his addresses; with a resolute unbecoming liberty, which he would have softened by his

his pretended great passion, he protested the hopes of calling me his, form'd with my father's approbation, he would not give up to the first man in the kingdom ; not even to his Prince : and throwing aside all decorum, swore to be revenged on that person who should dare to dispute me with him.—I was terrified ; he saw it, I believe, and half in anger, half respectfully, ended his unwelcome visit. — There was no doubt, after he had given me such a specimen of his ungenerous spirit, but that he would make known this conversation to my father and mother, which made me dread meeting them : but it was too late to retreat ; for as I was about to leave the room, sadly disappointed

appointed at my ill success, they both entered it : my mother flashing on me indignant glances, hastily ask'd where was Lord Milford ? tho' I plainly saw she needed no information. Have you, child (sternly interrogated my father) behaved in a manner that does not discredit my engagements to his Lordship ? or have you dared to disobey my commands ? which were, to receive him as the person destin'd for your husband ? — This was a question I determin'd to answer candidly, and with a good deal of steadiness ventur'd to assure his Grace that I never could look on him in the light he was proposed.—This drew on me many severe reflections : I was again upbraided with Mr. Worthley,

Worthley, who was again stiled a beggar; one who wanted to enrich himself at their expence; and my dearest uncle, vile, unbrotherly, designing.—I was forbid by both, as I valued their favour, ever to write or send a message to any of the mean reptiles at Audley-castle; *that* being my mother's term for all that is generous, great, and amiable.—From this time, my chamber became my prison; which I never quitted, but to receive the forc'd visits of Lord Milford; then left it with more regret, than I should have done a palace, where I enjoy'd my freedom. At first I refused seeing him; but having no choice, was compell'd to it by my mother. After the interview I have mentioned,

she,

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she, or my father, were present at all future ones; preventing me from shewing him, but by my silence, how much I despised his dishonourable perseverance. — I passed three weeks in this wretched situation; and what rendered it more so, was, that I had no hopes of being relieved from it; being hinder'd by Dalton's strict observance from sending to my uncle, whose kind advice I never stood so much in need of. Once indeed, in her absence, I begun a letter to him, intending to wait some lucky opportunity of sending it; when, before I had wrote three lines, my mother came into my closet, took it from me with severity, leaving me no power of making a second attempt, by
 carrying

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carrying with her my pen, ink, and paper. I could not guess how Dalton knew I had been writing; but that my mother got her intelligence from this woman, I am convinced; her Grace having never before condescended to come to my apartment since my arrival.—A day was fix'd for our marriage, and a fortnight the utmost time allow'd me. In a state of mind little distant from distraction, I pray'd my parents not to force my inclinations, which recoil'd at this union; so strongly did my soul oppose it.—My father swore, tho' all the world should do the same, he would be obey'd: nor should their persuasions, were they to become joint petitioners, change his determinations.

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I shudder'd at this imprecation, and the vehemence with which it was utter'd ; my fears being heighten'd by seeing my mother equally determined. Again I resolved to make another attempt (tho' it should be fruitless as the former) to write to my uncle all these transactions ; for (if to be found) I knew he best could lead me into a safe path, where I might avoid the threaten'd, the shocking compulsion, without a breach of that duty, which none more than myself ever felt the force of : and when I have acted contrary to its pleadings, amply have I been punish'd in my own reflections.—I had not confidence enough in the servants placed about me, to propose to either the service it was
in

in their power to do me ; supposing they had all received their lessons from Dalton. In this opinion I was strengthen'd, when putting several trifling questions to them, I was answered with such haste, as shewed they were afraid of being discover'd speaking to me.—One day, as I was sitting alone, the involuntary tear flowing from my eyes, a girl who brought coals to my apartment, seem'd to express a great deal of ignorant curiosity by an unmeaning stare ; thinking herself, I suppose, not observ'd by me, my face being partly hid with my handkerchief. She turn'd on one side, and lifted up her hands, muttering some words that I could not perfectly understand. Imagining I saw something
in

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in her looks like compassion, I began to think of improving this accident to my own advantage. And stepping to the door, as she was going to shut it on the outside, I touch'd her gown, bidding her in a low voice return. I almost thought the simple creature had beheld me as a corpse, and was surpriz'd at seeing me restored to life : her astonishment at being thus taken notice of made her start back several paces, and her red countenance grew pale as the cap that surrounded it. Expecting my goalerefs every moment, without any precaution, I ask'd her if she was willing to serve me. With abundance of aukward civility, she readily promis'd to do whatever I should command her. Then
 Betty,

Betty, said I, you must, unknown to the other servants, get me some pens, ink, and a few sheets of paper; and bring them to me, as soon as you see Mrs. Dalton safe at dinner. That instant, imagining I heard her voice on the stairs, I dismiss'd the girl, full of thankfulness, and promises to obey me, having put a few shillings into her hand, not judging it prudent to make my first bribe very considerable.—

Many and different were my conjectures, till I again saw my trusty messenger; who came back in a few hours, conveying under her apron riches more valuable to me, than what are generally esteem'd such: nor would I have exchanged the simple feather then in my possession,

session, for one as large and as finely ornamented with diamonds, as *that* which adorns the hair of the celebrated Countess of ——. My next difficulty was to find a convenient season to use it. In the day I knew it could not be done without danger of detection; but having by night a constant light burning in my chamber, I determined to rise from my bed, when the family were retired to theirs; and send my letter to the post by the same hand which had brought me the means of writing it. With these intentions, I ordered her to come to me early in the morning. Every thing succeeded beyond my hopes; and the letter being sent away, my heart lost a considerable part of its burthen. But

I

I was so much fatigued with sitting up, from two till six, that it obliged me the next day to confine myself to my bed. However, I rather rejoiced at, than regretted this indisposition; finding the pain of body, a cordial to my mind, which relieved it from the disagreeable company and impertinent conversation of Lord Milford. My mother, thinking it an excuse fram'd to avoid seeing him, came to me; but being convinc'd I was really ill, consented, tho' not without many upbraiding reflections, that his Lordship should accept my apologies: so for two days I pleaded indisposition to his repeated messages for an interview. My having forgot to acquaint my uncle in what manner I might receive his answer, gave

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me some concern ; but it was dispell'd on recollecting I had not omitted the girl's name, to whom I was obliged, and that he would certainly fix on a safe method to remedy my neglect.—I counted every hour, till the happiness arrived, which I so eagerly panted after ; that of hearing from Mr. Worthley was not, I sincerely own, the least pleasing of my ideas.—Tho' prepared to expect it, my joy had like to have overcome my strength, when my punctual ambassadress gave into my hand a letter, which my heart and eye plainly inform'd me came from him. I open'd it with a joy I had long been a stranger to, and found inclosed one from my uncle. I debated with myself which

I

I should first read, when the fear of being intruded on before I could go through both, made me give the preference to Mr. Worthley's.—In every line the agitation of his soul was visible; and (if it had been possible) would have heightened the tenderness I had long felt for him. He was, he said, but just come to town; he had not been off his horse from the time he left Audley-castle; and begged he might see me, if I could forgive him for being the cause of my sufferings.—How, my dear Lady Lucy, could I longer retain a sense of them, when I reflected on the generous disinterested behaviour of the writer; and the value of *that* heart I was mistress of. I instantly assured him, in a

few lines, that my regard for him remain'd unalterable; and that nothing should ever make me break the promise I had given him. — I wish'd, sincerely wish'd, it had been in my power to grant his last request; but this, I imagined, would be extremely difficult, if not impossible to effect; so close a watch being kept over all my actions: but I added, that could he propose any method for that purpose, I was convinc'd it would be such as I might concur in with safety and prudence. — Afraid to say more, I bid Betty deliver it to Mr. Worthley's servant, who was waiting near the house; and then allow'd myself more leisure to examine my uncle's. This, like the former, was fill'd with his tender

der anxiety, as well for my health, as those sufferings, which he fear'd might be the means of impairing it. His spirits, he said, were not enough compos'd, to write his advice by Mr. Worthley, who was all impatience to set out, in hopes of obtaining an interview with me : that he fully rely'd on my prudence, and was the less concern'd at his want of time, to strengthen my resolutions, never to act contrary to my duty : that Mr. Worthley would allow him no more time than while his horses were getting ready, after he had obtain'd permission to attend me, which he could not refuse, knowing his concern and apprehensions at my situation to be very great. Then telling me, he believes

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Mr. Worthley's expedition keeps pace with his wishes, he breaks off, styling himself my affectionate parent.— I foresaw, that if invention could furnish Mr. Worthley with an opportunity of seeing me, he would return to Audley-castle more satisfied, than to go back in a state of suspense. This gave me hopes that he might be lucky in an expedient; for whilst he wanted tranquility, I could not enjoy it. Several letters follow'd; several schemes were propos'd; and he at last fix'd on one, that wore the face of probability. It was the meeting me at the next masquerade; and he hinted at Lord Milford's interest with my mother, as the surest way of procuring her permission for my being there;

there; and said, on no other terms could he forgive his Lordship the torture his addressee to me had occasioned him. — I did not object to this proposal, imagining it could be productive of no other consequences, but those of satisfaction. — The next day being alone with Lord Milford, he, as usual, repining at my cruelty, protesting he could not live without my pity, and painting out his passion in the most ardent, most romantic colours; I, in my turn, began to complain, being in great haste to have this conversation over before my father's return, who had left us together, I suppose with a design, as the day for our marriage was to be within a week, that his Lordship might have the more

D 5

liberty

liberty of talking to me on that subject : yet, tho' compell'd to listen to it, my answers, if he really wish'd it, could give him no kind of pleasure.—How, my Lord, said I, interrupting him, can you expect me to listen with the least degree of attention to what you say, when I, who am fond of society, who think public entertainments both agreeable and rational, am confined a prisoner to my apartment ; permitted to see no one but your Lordship ; and pardon me, if I say I had rather always remain so, then leave it on such conditions.—Death to his hopes! —Of what my Lord ? say, have I ever given you room for any ? O my Lord ! my Lord !—He was abash'd ; his vanity was piqued—
If

If I meant by that angry, but charming look, he was pleased to say, to upbraid him for his perseverance, he must assure me, he never could desist from endeavouring to conquer my indifference, and what was more painful, my dislike to him.—*That*, I reply'd, was impossible ; unless my friendship would content him ; and this, at any time, he might give himself a right to. Would I but tell him how he might be happy ?—By only acting like a man of honour, my Lord. — A man of honour ! he repeated with vehemence — this or any other usage from your Ladyship is to be borne ; but — And there stopp'd, looking full of resentment. — Have your actions, my Lord, I answer'd, not at

all intimidated by his fierceness, have your actions towards me, without judging further of your character, been liable to no exceptions?—To what account must I place my unreasonable treatment from my parents? To what account my unjust and undeserv'd confinement?—He was very unhappy, if I thought, to his. He made no doubt but the Duke and Dutches would both clear him of such injurious suspicions.—To them, my Lord, I am not allow'd to appeal; and whilst a prisoner, have no reason to expect so great indulgence. — Would I let him know what service I would condescend to accept from him, and I should be obey'd with transport.—My liberty, that of chusing
my

and Lady Caroline S——. 61

my own company, I replied, was the only one I could think of accepting from him.—Again he was mortified ; but trying at a look of humility, he ask'd, Should he do himself the honour of attending me to the court? to either of the theatres? — If I could be permitted, I should like to go to the next masquerade, that being a diversion I had never seen ; for which reason, should prefer it to any other. — Luckily, he replied, there would be one in a few days ; he was rejoiced at so small a mark in his favour, as that I would not absolutely reject all his proposals. — Your Lordship speaks as if certain my inclinations will not be objected to.—He was sure nothing could be denied to
such

such a daughter : he would go that instant and make known my intentions. — My *desire*, if you please, my Lord. I intend nothing without the permission of my parents. — So much filial duty ! charming Lady Frances ! and (with a bow of self-approbation, at having laid me under an obligation, which no doubt he expected I would repay with my heart) he left me, highly pleased that I had succeeded thus far, without being forced to call in detested art to my assistance : for, on examining every word that had pass'd, throughout the whole I could acquit myself of having giving him the least encouragement. — He came back in an instant, visibly delighted, from which I presaged my request
had

had not been refused ; and his tongue soon confirm'd what his significant looks before hinted.—I thought him (at least I saw he thought himself) intitled to my thanks, for this important service : and being elated with the hopes of meeting Mr. Worthley, and unwilling even in appearance to seem ungrateful, gave him my acknowledgments with tolerable civility. He stay'd with me some hours, and I believe would not at last have taken his leave, had not I retired, under pretence of dressing. The first use I made of his absence, was to write Mr. Worthley my success, promising to acquaint him with my habit as soon as I had fix'd on one : but before I could conveniently give the letter to

Betty,

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Betty, a message from my mother commanded my immediate attendance. I found it was to let me know, that tho' I had her leave to go to the masquerade, at the desire of Lord Milford, I must not expect to be of her party. The Ladies who composed it being acquaintances of *hers*, not *mine* ; and might think it impertinent, was she to intrude me on them.—Did my mother, I ask'd, judge it prudent for a young creature, almost unacquainted with the world, to go accompanied only by Lord Milford? And thanking her Grace for her permission, begged I might decline it, if she intended not to honour me with her personal sanction.—Well, child, she reply'd, to remedy
this

and Lady Caroline S——. 65

this inconveniency, I would have you apply to Lady Lucy Walton, who you formerly knew at Chelsea: if she favours you with her company, I shall be entirely easy. I am now going to a habit-shop; when you bespeak yours, Dalton shall have my orders to attend you. —I was delighted with the opportunity given me, of renewing a friendship, that in our childish years had been so endearing; and which, whenever I heard your name mention'd, made me long for a time to assure you, mine was not in the least abated. On finding the return of my request to your Ladyship favourable, I made an addition of all that had occurred since I had begun it, and sent my letter to Mr. Worthley,

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Worthley, apprizing him that my mother and Lord Milford would be present ; and consequently would not fail to take notice of those with whom I conversed. In his answer, he assured me, he had provided against all my apprehensions, on account of Lord Milford. As to my mother, he hoped her attention would be differently engaged. Every thing thus settled, my thoughts were next employ'd on my dress. There was but one person to whom I was fond of appearing more agreeable than the rest ; and when certain of meeting him, was I to blame in bestowing some consideration, in trying to adorn my person ; not to captivate a new one, but only to make that heart more sure, which to think mine,

mine, is, and has been my most pleasing reflection.—I went the same day with Dalton to a habit-shop, and was looking at several that lay on the counter, when I heard a well-known voice ask to see some. Mrs. Dalton—Mrs. Dalton, said I, all confusion, in a broken and hesitating voice, pray look at this—at this habit; my words scarcely intelligible; when having directed her eye, that I might not fall under its observation, I turned to him who had occasioned all my perturbations. His own were little inferior: his looks betraying joy, surprize, and emotion. The passions by which I was assaulted made me tremble; and knowing I could not long support it, I lean'd against the counter, and

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and taking a pin from my side, ran it deep in to my hand, pretending to have done it by accident, that the prying Dalton might not perceive the real cause of my tremor. The smart it occasion'd increas'd my faintness, she saw the alteration, which made her scream out for help. Mr. Worthley, assuming the character of a stranger, flew to my assistance, whilst she ran to the door, to meet the man who was gone for a glass of water and hartshorn. O my dear Lady Frances! whisper'd he, resume your wonted resolution, or all is reveal'd, and I am ruined in your loss. — He had time for no more, the officious woman coming back with the drops; but this was enough to put me on my guard:
so

so having drank them, I said I found myself quite recover'd ; and thanked Mr. Worthley with an air of distance, which he return'd by a bow, expressing nothing more than a polite indifference. Telling the master of the shop he would call some time in the afternoon, and not interrupt his attendance on the Ladies, he hastened away, bowing rather more respectfully to Dalton, than me ; and with him vanish'd all my fears of having this accident discover'd. No sooner was his back turn'd, than she bestow'd on him those encomiums his noble appearance always excited ; asking me, if I did not think him the finest gentleman I had ever seen ? — The man was very well, I replied ; I saw
4 nothing

nothing extraordinary in him. — Then complaining of my timidity, that so small a scar could so much affect me, I fix'd on the dress of an Indian Princess; and my spirits still fluttering, I return'd home full of this adventure. Perhaps you will think it strange, that Dalton, who you may suppose had seen Mr. Worthley, when at Audley-castle, did not recollect him at this time. But here fortune was more my friend than of late she had been; for, the morning I left that place, my uncle observing his agitation, as he led me to the chariot, drew him apart, pretending something of moment; whilst I stepped into it. By this stratagem, he saved him from a second painful leave, and

and Lady Caroline S——. 71

very fortunately prevented his being observed by Dalton, who, as I have once before mention'd, waited by the side of it.—The morning of the masquerade, a ticket was brought me from Lord Milford, requesting that he might be permitted to have the honour of being my escorte ; to which, through want of choice, I was forced to assent. He came some hours before our time of going, and I was teized with repeated petitions for my company in the interim, which I as repeatedly refused, finding him inclined to assume on the fancied reason he had given for a larger share of my favour : nor would I go down, till I heard that your Ladyship, and the Ladies with you, were at the door.

It

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It being late, you may remember we proceeded immediately to the Hay-Market. I saw Mr. Worthley the moment I enter'd the rooms. My Roman Senator, for such he represented, no sooner perceived us, than he went up to a woman strikingly fine, in a tight Spanish dress, covered to her feet by a long gauze veil, sown thick with spangles. Talking to him but a few minutes, she follow'd him to that part of the room where we were; when singling out Lord Milford, she took him by his sleeve, and drew him from us with a free air, saying something in a whisper. He often return'd, convers'd with his wonted gaiety, attempting to entertain me with foolish raillery, and insignificant com-

compliments : but notwithstanding this seeming complaisance, the Spanish Lady engross'd much the larger share of his time, having before, as I suppose, received instructions for doing it.—It is now, Madam, I bespeak all your good nature, before I proceed with what I fear you must condemn ; and if *that* can find me no excuse, surely I have none to offer.—But not to detain you, the moment I was free from the observation of those, of whom I was most apprehensive, and Lord Milford retired at a distance, with his Spanish Lady, Mr. Worthley approached me. I expected he would have express'd some joy after so long an absence ; but his words, though tender, wore the face of a rooted

forrow; for which I knew not how to account; but conjured him, by all the regard he once profess'd for me, not to conceal the cause. — At length, he made me feel an equal share of his concern, by yielding to my earnest solicitations. A letter from Ireland, which he had that evening received, ordered him immediately to join his regiment, and take on him its command; the Colonel having declined it, his health not permitting him to go on the expedition, for which they were then preparing to embark. — The despondency that seem'd to have taken possession of his soul, was not to be conquer'd: the dread of losing me, the dread of my being forced to marry Lord Milford, not-

withstanding all my efforts to prevent it, were griefs, he said, not to be overcome.—The affliction I then felt was inexpressible: all I before or have since suffer'd would weigh light in the ballance with it. How did I envy the gay swarm that danc'd before my eyes! their unconcern predominant in every action. I thought all that look'd at me, saw my distress; and this thought heighten'd my agitation.—When Lord Milford came near me, I shudder'd with horror; and when he left me, was incapable of feeling pleasure at his absence. The time drew on when we must part; a possibility, but no probability, of our ever meeting more, overwhelm'd us; and observing his concern al-

most superior to my own, I could no longer restrain my lips, or rather heart, from speaking.—Oh, Sir! my own conflicts hardly can I bear; then do not add yours to make them more insupportable. Speak, is it in my power to lessen them? shall I renew my promises? or what shall I say to restore your quiet?—I will not repeat what further pass'd; let it suffice to tell you, that (with the hopes of conferring an obligation on one deserving the tenderest affection, my uncertainty of ever seeing him again, together with my apprehensions of being compell'd to be the wife of Lord Milford, my father's imprecations giving me no room to doubt the contrary) I consented to meet Mr. Worthley
the

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and Lady Caroline S——. 77

the next morning at St. M—— church; though it was with the severest struggles this most disinterested of men first proposed it. His joy was so great at my compliance, that it made me for a moment forget the vast sacrifice I was about to make him; when my mother, by her presence, bringing fresh to my mind my uncle's admonitions, all my pleasure was instantly overcast: but this I endeavour'd to hide from him, that his might not be embittered. — I retired much earlier than her Grace, intending to have gone without Lord Milford's knowing it, had he not been too assiduous for my purpose. Mr. Worthley gave way to him, on his Lordship's offering me his hand, which I accepted with the less reluctance, as

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I knew a very little time would rid me of his importunities. — When our chairs sat us down, he was extremely pressing to detain me; but I was not in a humour to listen to him, and went to my room, under pretence of indisposition: not entirely pretence neither, my head and heart being both fill'd with the different prospects my new schemes afforded. — Those on the dark side, had thrown a damp on my spirits, that seem'd to affect my health. — I told Dalton, while undressing me, that I was much fatigued, so would have her call me some hours later than usual, being in general an early riser. — She sat with me till my mother's return; for tho' her immediate attendance was dispensed with,

with, yet was she not the less ca-
refs'd, and always assisted the per-
son who supplied her place. As
she left me, I desired a servant might
be sent to wait in my chamber,
complaining of a violent pain in my
head; any one, I said; the girl who
lighted my fire was the least wanted,
and would do very well; as I should
only have occasion for her, if worse,
to let Mrs. Dalton know it. She
offered to sit up herself; but that
not coinciding with my designs, I
pleaded the endangering her own
health; by which consideration she
was prevail'd on to leave my room,
and send Betty, whom I bid to
awaken me, before any of the fa-
mily were stirring.—My sleep was
not that tranquil repose which at-

tends a consciousness of having done nothing to disturb it. My imagination hurried me from place to place, now at Audley-castle, my uncle repeating his advice, on the very spot where I promis'd never to deviate from it. Then in Mrs. Worthley's arms, who call'd me daughter.—Back again to town, my father spurning me from him, my mother frowning, and ordering me from her presence : — all insulting me, except my uncle, who with a look of mingled pity and resentment, took my hand, and convey'd me from them. — Once more at Audley-castle, Mr. Worthley with us; all harmony. My father and mother both caressing him. To compleat all, a lovely creature rush'd
into

into my mother's arms, who presented her to me, bidding me embrace my long lost sister — when Betty waked me from this imaginary happiness, to real affliction. For how could I but be afflicted, when going to sacrifice my duty, and all the promises I had made my uncle! hazarding his affection, which had supplied the want of tenderness in every other relation. Numberless were the objections which placed themselves as bars to prevent my proceeding: but Mr. Worthley's pain, should I retract from my word, and the thoughts that he would carry that pain with him, immediately arose in my bosom, to oppose and conquer every obstacle. Without further reflection, I huddled

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dled on my cloaths, wrapp'd my cloke about me, to prevent being known, hastened out of the house (Betty going before, to see that no one interrupted my passage) and stepping into a coach, which she had procured for me, drew up the canvases, and drove to St. M—— church, where the trembling fugitive was joyfully received by Mr. Worthley, and a clergyman, his particular friend, who in a few minutes gave him the title of husband. In his presence he was not afraid to pour out the dictates of a heart, grateful and affectionate as man ever boasted. As soon as irrecoverably his, I lost sight of every uneasy thought, but what proceeded from my concern for his safety, and return ;

turn ; till my watch inform'd me my time was expir'd, if I hoped to get back to my father's house with the same secrecy that I left it. A warning so seasonable was not to be neglected. The same coach that brought me to him, carried me from my dearest husband.—Betty waiting at the door, I pass'd unobserved to my apartment ; Dalton being satisfied, I suppose, with the caution given her of not coming to me till late.—Mr. Worthley's horses waited at a small distance, to carry him to Audley-castle that evening, purposing to set out for Park-gate the day following. He was to discover our marriage, and try to obtain a pardon from my uncle ; but as to my father and mother, they were not

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yet to be made acquainted with it; unless I had no other way left to avoid a marriage with Lord Milford. — The very day on which I hoped to receive the wish'd-for pardon, flattering myself that (every circumstance weigh'd, which had caus'd me to offend) I could not fail of obtaining it, I flew to the door, on hearing it open, prepossess'd that it could be no other than Betty, with the dear expected packet; but, on seeing my father and mother both enter, unable to speak through passion, which, for want of vent, seem'd bursting from their eyes, my astonishment took from me all power of thinking. — My mother — but indeed I cannot tell you (shedding tears) how my
mother

mother used me. My father's anger fell on me in unconnected words — disgrace to his blood — vile creature — artful insinuating wretch — were the cruel terms he addressed me in ; spurning me with his foot, as on my knees I implor'd his forgiveness. All this time, he held out an open letter ; which as soon as I saw it, accounted to me for this strange appearance. My prayers were in vain ; my mother push'd me from her, with even greater violence than my father. Go, go, go, said she, thou wicked deceiver ; and then called me by a name my soul shudders to think on. The only mercy shewn me, after being robbed of my senses by their resentment, was in leaving Dalton to assist
in

in restoring them ; and really she shew'd me more compassion, than I ever thought in her nature. From her I learnt, that poor Betty was discharg'd, and severely threaten'd with a heavy punishment, my father himself detecting her in taking the letters from Colonel Worthley's servant. By some hints which he overheard, he got a suspicion of the truth ; and having demanded them, read enough to inflame him, in the manner I have described. Whilst she was recounting these particulars, an open note was delivered me ; the more (I imagine) to insult me, by making my disgrace public to the servants. — These were the heart-rending words :

“ Un-

“ Ungenerous, dissolute creature!
“ unless thou wouldst that I should
“ curse thee from my sight, and
“ house, leave it within this hour :
“ thy husband (as he insolently stiles
“ himself) shall be sent where he
“ can never more behold thee. —
“ Thy uncle thou hast disobliged ;
“ besides, he dares not receive thee :
“ go then, thou great dishonour to
“ my name, seek the good Mrs.
“ Worthley, the mother of thy se-
“ ducer, and hide thy guilt in
“ obscurity. These are the com-
“ mands of your enraged father.”

It was in obedience to them
(dreadful as they were !) that I
threw myself on yours, and the
Earl's protection ; tho' I could not
prevail on my feet to carry me
from

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from the house, until another, and (if possible) more cruel message was sent me by my mother. — All perplexed, I know not what I am to hope from my uncle; my father's words were, that I had disoblighd him. — But then again does he not say, that he dares not receive me? and what should this menace mean, if my more than parent were not inclin'd to mercy? — This uncertainty and fear of the worst prevented me from going directly to Audley-castle. — To whom then could I so properly apply, as to your kind father and self, for a refuge to my distress? till my uncle's anger is soften'd by compassion, and he reinstates me in his affection.

Thus

Thus was the whole day spent ;— she in repeating, I in listening to her agreeable, yet distressing recital. Do you ask how I managed to recollect all I have written ? That you may not think I could command supernatural assistance, I will make you mistress of my art. — Having left Lady Frances to her repose, tho' it was late, I began my first letter ; and finding incidents flow faster than my pen could transcribe, taking the hint from her Ladyship, I finish'd that I was about, then minuted particulars of the whole.

I slept but a few hours, and getting up before Lady Frances's bell rung, wrote down to Mrs. Worthley's manuscript. Here I was at a loss, my treacherous memory having
played

played the truant, and left me without warning. However, that she might not carry off all my riches, leaving me quite a bankrupt, I resolv'd to apply for redress to her Ladyship; and was just then told by Johnson, whom I had order'd to attend her, that she had been risen near an hour, but hearing I was writing, would not have me interrupted. So closing my letter, and tapping gently at her door, I was immediately admitted.—Any thing half so lovely, half so enchantingly majestic as she appeared to me at that instant, had I never before seen. Sleep, all-healing sleep, had given her new beauties, and tinged her snowy skin with purer vermillion than art and labour together could
have

and Lady Caroline S——. 91

have bestowed on their most assiduous votaries.—Her dress was negligently becoming, put on as if she only thought it necessary, not ornamental.—It was a fine white muslin negligee, wrought in Dresden sprigs; fancied with elegance, and chiefly of her own performance.—Her hood, ruffles, and handkerchief, were all made of Brussels lace, setting off to advantage the natural clearness of her complexion.—In short, as Milton says,

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in
her eye,

In every gesture dignity and love.—

If this quotation is a common one, let it be considered that not another description can be found so
beauti-

beautifully expressive.—Yet, charming as I thought her, a certain air of melancholy was not to be conceal'd by the sweet smile of affability playing about her face. So have I seen in a still evening, when the all-chearing body that illuminates the earth is gradually sinking behind some high hill, which for a few hours is to obscure its brightness, just as he is about to leave us, as if recollecting some neglected spot, turn his departing looks, and with faint rays throw a shadowy kind of glory over it; which, tho' pleasing, is not enough to dispel the natural shade.—She gave us her company at breakfast in my father's library, declining her own dressing-room; assuring me she should be
unhappy,

unhappy, were she to prevent my attendance on him. Besides, continued she, my dear Lady Lucy, I wish to renew those thanks due to his kind, nay, I may say, fatherly protection. — I saw a crystal tear ready to start from its orbit, and directly led her to him; so we breakfasted together.—On requesting her Ladyship's permission to send my dearest friend, whose character she greatly admires, the many vicissitudes she has pass'd, my request was not only granted without a scruple, but a copy of Mrs. Worthley's manuscript presented me; so none of your acknowledgements to me, my dear. If any are owing, it is to Lady Frances; for had not this happen'd, something less significant

ficant must have been the subject of my scribblings.—Another letter, and I shall return to my own nonsense; like a school-boy, who, by strict application, learns to pronounce, with tolerable propriety, a sentence out of Tully, or Horace; but, take the book from him, and he dwindles into his former stupidity, with as much ease, as will soon

Your real friend

and humble servant,

LUCY WALTON.

Lady

*Lady LUCY WALTON to Miss
HAMILTON, in continuation.*

WELL, my dear, I think I need not remind you that Lady Frances has now been with us one whole day, and this the morning of a second; that is, supposing me to write the occurrences at the very time they happen'd, and not a fortnight after, which is really the case.—As I know you wish me to be circumstantial in this interesting part of my relation, you shall see how ready I will be in obeying you.—We were all sitting at table, that is, Lady Frances, my father, and self, the cloth being just remov'd, when Mr. Wallace, my father's steward, return'd

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return'd from Suffex. Her Ladyship's consternation was great on the message being deliver'd, which my father observing, went to his library, and ordered Mr. Wallace to be sent to him. — What, Lady Lucy! said the dear agitated sufferer, what will become of me, if my uncle refuses to receive me! Then lifting up her hands, Good God! continued she, perhaps my husband too may be torn from me. But could my father mean quite so cruelly as he threaten'd? Do you think, Madam, he really intended to make me so very wretched?—I used numberless persuasions to calm her fears; representing that letter of the Duke's to be entirely the workings of a sudden passion, too furious for a long

long continuance ; which once subsided, nature, that could not be obliterated (though it might be for a time suppress'd) would in the midst of dark prospects strike out a gleam of light, to make her happy.—My father did not leave us many minutes in suspense ; but not seeing any letter in his hand, and her Ladyship's terror increasing, I began to fear a little at this, as I then thought it, bad symptom. Though the event prov'd, that what we short-sighted mortals look on as signs most prejudicial to our hopes, often, by the assistance of time, shew themselves altogether in our favour. —Prepare, Lucy, said his Lordship, to receive an unexpected honour ; we shall have, within a

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few hours, a noble and welcome visitor.— Lord Henry, I exclaim'd. Can it be my uncle ! cried Lady Frances, her colour changing as she spoke.—It is, it is, he replied, who comes to bless you, Madam, to bless the darling of his soul.—O my good Lord ! starting from her chair, and running almost into my father's arms, in frantic extacy, once more, once more tell me that he comes ; and comes to pardon me. Indeed, indeed he does, repeated my father ; for is it possible he can be obdurate to the pleadings of so much innocence ?—After this, she so flutter'd, that I imagined it would be improper for her to see Lord Henry as soon as he arrived. My father too being of the same opinion, we
agreed

agreed to keep it secret, till his Lordship by a kind message, should still her doubts, and enable her to stand before him with some degree of composure : all that Mr. Wallace could inform us, was, that Lord Henry, on reading the letter he carried from Lady Frances, ordered his chariot to be got ready early the next morning ; but that being countermanded, his coach was at the door by break of day. His Lordship would have sent one of his own servants, to apprise us of his intentions, that Mr. Wallace might not be too much fatigued ; but this good old man (who has been in my father's service thirty years) is so indefatigable, that nothing to him wears that face, which would re-

tard the execution of his Lord's commands. — It was six o'clock when my father, who had left us to see Lord Henry, according to our plan, came into the room. — I had in his absence been trying to lessen Lady Frances's uneasiness, and not without success; but when his Lordship, tho' in the most gentle manner, broke to her the arrival of her uncle, all these promising appearances again gave way to her apprehensions. — Excellent Lady Frances! said he, banish these racking suspicions, which you have no reason to entertain. Lord Henry is impatient to clasp you to his bosom; so is Mrs. Worthley. Mrs. Worthley! Mrs. Worthley! both in one voice; for you cannot conceive my pleasure

at

at hearing she was come with him.
— Then indeed am I forgiven, she said. Lead me, my Lord, lead me to them; but help, dear Lady Lucy, to thank my second benefactor, condescendingly kissing his hand. Surely, I must have been very faulty, that I should thus tremble to appear before a judge, who in humble comparison, like that of heaven, is mercy itself. The room where we then were being distant from that in which was Mrs. Worthley and Lord Henry, I stepped before to pay them my compliments, designing, if I saw it necessary, to hint something of Lady Frances's apprehensive timidity: but happily found no such caution wanting.—His Lordship saluted and call'd me the preserver of

his child. I can't positively say I did not return his salute, being so transported at hearing him speak with such tenderness of Lady Frances, and so prepared to love him, that I could not find terms to express my satisfaction. Mrs. Worthley had an equal share in my esteem, and instead of saluting her with form, I threw it all aside, embracing her as I should have done my Juliet, or any other valuable friend. Now I warrant you would have given one of your smartest lovers to have been in my situation, I allow you might, and no dear purchase; for the smartest are often the most unworthy, of which poor Sir Colin Fancourt is a living witness. But no more of him; for I
know

know his name is your aversion. Lord bless me! how have I wander'd from Lady Frances! My father (tho' a little gouty) I would not have you think, has been all this time leading her Ladyship to us. Before I had been in the room two minutes, she was received with open arms by her uncle; rushing into them to hide a confusion, which her downcast eye, and flush'd cheek, shewed to be still predominant. My father withdrew; I saw with what design, and intended to follow him; yet I own with reluctance: for I long'd to be a spectator (tho' an unnecessary one) of an interview, in which my heart was so much engaged.—She was, from the arms of the generous Lord Henry, taken

into the expanded ones of the good Mrs. Worthley. I was then going to leave them; but Lady Frances coming to me, said, Don't leave me, my dear, kind friend; but join your solicitations to draw on me that pardon, which I see my dearest uncle, my father, my protector, will not withhold from me. No, my child, I cannot, will not withhold it; for well I know my sweet girl must have been hardly used, or she could never have offended.—Indeed, indeed she has, said your Lucy, all, all overjoy'd; and permit me to tell your Lordship, that I should never have gone through half her trials, had a man so nobly minded as Mr. Worthley offer'd himself for my protector, when deprived of
such

such a one as her Ladyship had been deprived of. You cannot imagine how gratefully this was accepted: Mrs. Worthley gave me a speaking look. Enough, Lord Henry said, enough, my good young Lady; his manly countenance full of ineffable compassion. Embrace your daughter, Madam, speaking to Mrs. Worthley; as such receive her from my hand. Bless, bless the hour! she cry'd, merciful God! — and Lady Frances having thrown her arms about her neck, tears for some moments supplied the place of words. Never was I so deeply affected, and can scarcely refrain from them, as it comes fresh to my memory. Lord Henry folded them together in his arms. Let me, said he, thus con-

gratulate the worthy mother, the happy daughter.—Lady Frances fell at his *generous* feet, to thank him. And, O sweet, but awful sight! down by her side, dropped the venerable Mrs. Worthley.—Suffer me thus, she would have said, but both at once (for I could not help assisting in it) lifted her from the ground.—This, Madam, said he, is too much; you have distress'd me. Rise, my Fanny; is this necessary? — I have done nothing for you. O my indulgent parent! are mercies like these nothing? what then deserves a name? — Is such a gift nothing? said Mrs. Worthley, holding out the hand of Lady Frances. Am I not permitted to call this lovely creature my child? Are these, my Lord,
nothing?

nothing? but now indeed my load of obligations is become too heavy for my poor strength to support. What I can never return, that Power will, to whom my prayers shall be offer'd.—If, answer'd his Lordship, you have pleasure in the title of her mother, it is by the divine permission of that Power you enjoy it; then waste not your acknowledgements on me, for the little his mercy has left me to perform. As to you, my Fanny, who have stolen a right to the affection of the best of women, I can only say the richness of the prize palliates your fault, it being a temptation few that love virtue, and merit, could have withstood.—Methinks I have them now before me, as I write; the happy

reconciliation effected, and your Lucy sharing their careffes.—My vanity was certainly awaken'd by the praises of these good people, and for some moments I thought myself generous, kind, tender, and a thousand other charming epithets, by which I was accosted ; but reflection has since stepped in to warn me that they came from hearts, where no other sentiments could obtrude themselves.—Something was yet wanting to Lady Frances's joy ; which her uncle perceiving, soon compleated.—For one thing, my dear, said he, smiling, I have not yet forgiven you. Tell it me then, my Lord, she replied, and I will endeavour by my penitence to atone for the offence.—There is no need,

need, Fanny, he return'd, for that serious air; you will not long remain under my displeasure; I am only surpriz'd you merited the least appearances of it. Come, my good girl, why has your tongue refused that question, which your eyes have often repeated since my arrival? — Thus embolden'd, my dear, Sir, blushing with delight, I would say — What would my Fanny? or shall I be the interpreter of her thoughts? — You ask me, continued he, seeing her silent, the reason Col. Worthley is not of our party. Am I right, my dear? tell me sincerely. — O my generous, kind uncle! you cannot misinterpret them. — Having succeeded so well in this, proceeded he, I shall go on in my divinations; but

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but first I answer, that he sat out for Park-gate the day after his marriage, and immediately embark'd. Had he been with us, I am convinced nothing could have withheld him from you. Your next enquiries are due to his health and spirits, both which were, at the time he left the castle, well as you could wish them.—Is there any thing besides, my child, can yet ask? Again she blush'd, and sigh'd.—I see my girl has one more question which I will try to find. Perhaps she thinks Charles less dear to me now, than before he was all her own.—Will my uncle permit me to hope, that he did not leave England laden with your displeasure, but shares your pardon with me; then will
my

my happiness be compleated.—Let it be so then, said he; for know that the son of my friend, the husband of my Fanny, is dear to this heart (laying his hand on his breast) as the vital blood from which it receives its warmth. — And turning to me, many apologies are due to Lady Lucy, for having so long intruded on her friendly patience, in thus talking of our own affairs. But let us seek the good Earl; I know he will rejoice in our joy.—Indeed, my Fanny, I fear we shall never be able to return this debt — saying which, we all went into the garden, where my father was walking. Lady Frances offer'd Mrs. Worthley her arm: I wish'd to be equally happy; and stepping on the other side,

sister, she kindly accepted mine. Thus did we lead her between us, Lord Henry going before, to my father; whose dear sympathizing heart became a sharer in the general satisfaction.—Surely, Mrs. Worthley has been remarkably handsome, or, if I am deceived, the partiality with which her mind makes me regard her person, must be the cause of my deception. This is sometimes the case; for where one sees eminent perfections or imperfections, in either case our favourable or unfavourable opinion takes root, yielding to the former entire applause, to the latter entire disapprobation: and often, through the strength of our prepossessions, we can fancy beauties in the one, without a real foundation,

tion, and as often overlook in the other something deserving our esteem. But to avoid alike both extreams, I constitute my Juliet, Harriet, and Charlotte, joint arbitratrices between my judgment and partiality, without a doubt but the first will be honourably acquitted. — She is of a fine heighth, and if she does not carry herself quite so erect, as I have seen some matrons do, laden with the burthen of as many heavy years, yet her movement is so easy, and withal so strikingly graceful, that it immediately engages your attention. Nothing reserv'd, nothing forbidding in her countenance, to deter the young and those of inferior (few are there of superior) understanding, from gaining by her conversation.

Her

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Her mind is the seat of resignation, and her mild eye continually invites us to learn the precepts of that power. Her features, tho' not regular, are perfectly agreeable, by having the angel express'd in them; and you could almost fancy her own silver hair to be a surrounding glory.—Then, my dear, a hand and arm, that for shape and loveliness, I never saw equall'd. — She has worn a slight half mourning ever since the Colonel's death; and when I saw her, was dress'd elegant, without lace or jewels. Her linen, to a night-gown of light grey sattin, might have been call'd plain, were it not for a narrow silk fringe sown at the edge, which had quite a pretty effect on a woman of her years.—
And

And now, Juliet, don't keep my cause long in hand; but let me have all your opinions soon as this material point is decided. — Lord Henry waited on the Duke the morning after he came to town; but met a displeasing reception: the particulars he forbore repeating, through great tenderness of his brother's character; and only told us, he had not the least hopes of ever effecting a reconciliation; saying a thousand fond things to diminish Lady Frances's concern on this occasion. — I wish every angry person could be only their own tormentors, and keep these destructive passions within their own bosoms; it being said to them, as to the sea, "Hither shalt thou go, and no further; and
here

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here shall thy proud waves be stay'd." —How unlike to these malignant spirits, who are pleased with torturing others, is a philosopher I have somewhere read of, who was caught beating himself. Surpriz'd, his friend ask'd the occasion; and was answer'd, he was correcting an angry man. — Lord Henry having important affairs that call'd him into Sussex, we parted with infinite regret on all sides. Lady Frances engaging me to write to her often. — Now tell me, good Mrs. Wentworth, dear Harriet, and Charlotte, do you think any other person can boast two such amiable correspondents, as are your Juliet and her Ladyship? — Mrs. Worthley, on being told I knew the particulars of her life, and the
verses

and Lady Caroline S——. 117

verses written by her daughter coming on the tapis, promis'd to oblige me with a copy of them. Which I this morning received; with it a sweet grateful letter from Lady Frances.—

One thing I had almost forgot, that gives me pleasure; her Ladyship has taken the poor girl, who assisted her, and was discharg'd from the Duke's for that reason, to wait on her own person: I think the compassionate creature merits the reward she meets.—A letter, Johnson! Yes indeed, she gives me one from your dear self, and I here lay down my pen to read it.—

Miss

Miss HAMILTON to *Lady* LUCY
WALTON.

NOW may I almost venture to pronounce my heart free from envy; but stop, Juliet; judge not too partially of yourself; is it not the friend that you admire, and love, on whom these praises are bestow'd? therefore first hear them given to a rival, from a lover, and if you feel the same pleasure, then say you have escaped that fiend. — Here is my aunt, Mr. Temple, Harriet, and Charlotte, for ever finding out something new to admire in you. — O! could you then see how your proud Juliet bridles, thinking (silly creature) that your virtues are reflected
back

back on her. If others call it vanity, it is no more than I do myself; it is an original sin, very hard to be rooted from the female mind; and that the other sex has not quite weeded it out from theirs, Mr. Bloomer gives convincing proofs.— He dined with us last Thursday— But before I say more of him, I must tell you, That was the day when Charlotte converted the fond lover into the happy husband. Such now is Mr. Temple. His bride insisted on its being kept private for some time, and in complaisance to her, it was managed so secretly, that it is not yet mistrusted. She was prevented from great part of her thoughtfulness, on the state she had just enter'd, by the company of
two

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two gentlemen, whose characters are opposites, never to be reconciled. — Mr. Bloomer one; but before I name the other, pray recollect a person you have often remark'd, for a bluntness, which tho' he does not say any thing to offend, yet his boisterous manner keeps you in continual dread. — He enters a Lady's drawing-room with the same ease he would his kennel; and seems to consider it as no other, being always attended with a number of his four-footed friends, whom he familiarly introduces to you; and indeed appears more conversant in their language, than that of any intelligent Being. — Now after this description, if you don't think on Mr. Martin, say I am an unskilful painter.

painter. This gentleman has lately honour'd me with an offer to be at the head of his pack ; but I should have so many rivals, that upon my word I cannot accept it. At present there is a Pointer and Greyhound, that he says tenderer things to, than to me, tho' not his wife. — This unaccountable creature tells me, when ever I reject him, which is often ten times in a day, that he can follow a chase twenty years, and will not pay me a worse compliment than he should a fox or a stag : and I once assured him, that tho' he should pursue me twenty and ten, I would, like his favourite animal, answer for escaping all his toils. — He seem'd rather pleased than repuls'd, by this reply ; and

VOL. II. G vow'd,

vow'd, if at last he could have a girl of my spirit in the chase, it would answer all his trouble. — Was there ever such a bear-like man? I was vex'd that he intruded on us this happy Thursday. Charlotte appear'd confused, when his servant said he intended dining here; till I convinced her, if she kept her own secret, his penetration would never discover it. — But in order to blind him the more effectually, you must, my dear, remove that ring. Mr. Temple being present, took her hand, saying, let me my love, as I this morning placed it on your finger, again take possession of it. Who, Miss Hamilton, will affirm that gold cannot convey any real happiness? when this little hoop
has

has made me feel as much joy as the heart is capable of sustaining.— You, Sir, replied I, who so well can distinguish its intrinsic value, certainly deserve it. But had my cousin bestow'd herself on such a lover as mine, which we are by and by to see, it would have been throwing a pearl before a swine.— Has not your Ladyship observ'd, that often, when we are speaking or thinking of a person, one immediately sees him? So, no sooner did I mention the word swine, then Mr. Martin made his appearance in tip-top spirits; tho' his, when at the lowest ebb, are much too boisterous for any other place than the open fields, where he chiefly inhabits.— He had scarcely paid us his usual

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compliments, before we were made partakers of his morning diversion. Bless me! what hills did we not in imagination ascend! five-bar gates could not obstruct our speed. We had just forded a large river, when the door open'd, and in was ushered Mr. Bloomer. We all rose from our seats, which did not occasion him a little discomposure; besides numberless apologies, which he certainly would have spared, had he known how dear they were to cost him. A spaniel, who had lain under his master's chair, came out, and seeming to think he would not be behind hand in complaisance, fawned at his feet, and taking those gentle pats he received, with the words, leave me beast, for encouragement,

agement, leaped first on his waist-coat, then on his coat ; which being white, with a bugle and spangled trimming, you might (to borrow his master's words) have traced him on it.—The resistance he made was so weak, that the dog could not be prevail'd on to leave him. Looking on his waistcoat, and there seeing the marks of Rover's feet too plainly imprinted, it immediately raised his colour ; and drawing on one glove, he ventur'd to take him by the paw, and throw him at a distance. — Mr. Martin (who had done nothing but stare, and wink at us to observe him) on seeing this insult offer'd to his dearest friend, turn'd the contemptuous look he had before worn, into one all
G 3 anger.

anger. — What the devil, said he, are you afraid of a dog? By my soul, mine are all better bred than to pursue such game as you. At the same time calling it to him with a haloo, swore a great oath, he should have his bones broke, for attempting to kill a chicken. — Mr. Bloomer made no answer to this witticism: either, that he was too much discompos'd, or had perhaps a still more dreadful idea of the master, than the enemy he had just escaped. — A summons to dinner again sat every thing on a right footing; and the resentment Mr. Martin had express'd against the beau, was now levelled at a piece of beef placed next him. — But enough, and too much, of these

con-

contrasted characters. Mr. Temple intends taking his wife to town next week ; I am to be of their party. But Harriet stays with my aunt ; she cannot part with all her girls at the same time. Harriet bids me tell your Ladyship, it is a great mortification to be left behind ; for it was no small inducement to her to suffer a younger sister to go first, that she might have the pleasure of parading it at the tea-table in form, at least a month ; but will try, she says, to lessen her misfortune, by being a frequent visitant of Lady Rachel Ivy's ; where she should be sure to see formality in all its charms. Do, my dear, while I fly to Lady Lucy. Next Friday will be our latest time here. Mr. and Mrs.

Temple petition me to be with them; I tell them, No, I cannot be in the same town with you, and separated by a street. Of how many things shall we have to chat! and how much of your time shall I take up! tho' not of the same opinion as Mr. Peckworth; who will not allow that two girls can converse together for any time, unless love is the subject. I know not how far you are gone in this lesson; for my part, I am quite a novice; having never seen that man to whom I could resign my liberty: but pray that you may, in one who bears the name of

*Your grateful, honour'd,
and affectionate,*

JULIET HAMILTON.

Wel-

and Lady Caroline S——. 129

Welcome, welcome, my beloved friend ; welcome, my dear Mrs. Temple ; on which name let my Charlotte receive the warm congratulations that flow from a heart exulting in her happiness. Tell Mr. Temple, that where there is so great a certainty of his, wishes would be superfluous. I have now but one thing to allay my joy, which is* the absence of my dear Harriet. Why should I not enjoy the happiness of seeing her with you ? but no more — the obstacle you have mention'd, must be insurmountable. Don't think I will be content with the time fixed, when I am to embrace my Juliet. No, my dear ; it is my determin'd resolution to meet her at Wind-

G 5

for,

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for, and conduct her where she will be joyfully received; particularly by her happy, and inexpressibly obliged

LUCY WALTON.

P. S. The verses on the Seasons, mention'd in the former part of my letter, I now inclose for your perusal.

T H E

THE
VISION of the SEASONS.

By Miss WORTHLEY.

*Inclosed to Miss WENTWORTH.**

CAN ought afford more gentle calm
delight,

Than rosy breezes ushering in the night!

When slow advancing to the vocal sounds

Of the loud thrush, that from each dale
rebounds.

Pleas'd with this thought, the ev'ning
drawing on,

And prospects gilded by the setting sun,

* The reader may turn to the Spectator, N^o. 425.

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O'er flow'ry lawns I ruminating stray'd;
Nor by the still-approaching night dis-
may'd.

Hush'd was the air, bright the expanded
view ;

Sleep seal'd my eyes, but dreams my walk
renew.

Fancy conducts me to a verdant plain,
Where nature revell'd, and new seasons
reign.

When lo!—before my doubting sight there
stood

A pleasing form, the genius of the wood.
Pointing fresh beauties to my wand'ring
view,

Where'er I trod presenting something new.

Now

Now close attendant at my side he stands,
On a green knole, whose height the vale
commands.

Glowing beneath with various po'fies
crown'd ;

And shrubs of many a hue, that strew'd the
ground.

High on the midst there stood a cool
retreat ;

Round it transparent waves alternate beat,
Whose soft meanders murmuring glide
along,

And added sweetness to the linnet's song.

Lull'd by the sound, I strict attention paid,

Till my conductor smiling on me said,

“ Take

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“ Take your eye off this scene, with me
prepare

To trace the revolutions of a year.

Observe how time goes by in rapid flight,
And pass'd us once, for ever leaves our
fight.

See how it hovers ; catch the fleeting hour ;
Nor let dull lassitude destroy thy power.”

Then from his robe a silver wand he drew,
And wav'd it thrice ; and thrice a trump
he blew.

Magic the call, and heard through all the
plain ;

It straight was cover'd with a blooming
train

Of

Of chearful Months, in richest liv'ries,
drefs'd,

Whose prefence fill'd with joy my anxious
breast.

Assist me every Muse, inspire my lays,

Lend all your skill, and teach me how to
praise,

In strains of music, and in strains of love,

The youth that led them o'er the Cyprian
grove :

Graceful he seem'd, tho' yet but young in
years,

Scarce to his shoulders reach'd his auburn
hairs ;

Exactest symmetry his face express'd ;

A childish sweetness all his smiles confess'd.

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None but divinest hands his shape could
frame,

Soft was his voice, and Spring the charmer's
name.

His least perfection, as he onward drew,
Receiv'd new grace, and into beauty grew.
Sprightly as nymphs, who on May morn
advance,

To meet their shepherds in the festive
dance :.

Serene as air when only Zephyr's breeze
Wafts the light gale thro' aromatic trees.
A robe of white his slender limbs enclose,
Where ev'ry flow'r in splendid order
blows.

And

And first were rang'd where most conspicuous seen,

Mix'd here and there with tufts of budding green,

The pale-ey'd Cowslip, Pink, and Daffodil;

The Snowdrop, Eglantine, and bright Jonquil.

His brows were with a gaudy chaplet bound,

Of new blown Roses in the valley found;

Whilst gay Narcissus did his hand adorn,

As fables tell us, to high fortune born.

Once a lov'd youth, but lov'd, alas ! in vain ;

Nymphs hopeless pin'd, and hopeless own'd their pain.

For

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For his own charms he burnt, with fatal
flame,

Consum'd his person, but retain'd his
name.

All nature blooming Spring's approaches
greet;

Primrose and Violets rise beneath his feet.

On this hand Flora, sweet celestial maid,

In mild angelic innocence array'd;

On that, Vertumnus stood, with blossoms
crown'd;

In silken robes his limbs were lightly bound.

The colour changeable, of finest hue,

Which shew'd the wearer to be most un-
true.

Darkness

Darkness, methought, her sable curtain
spread,

And clouds of night hung threat'ning o'er
my head.

Must I no more, I cry'd, behold thy sight!

O glorious Spring! detested envious night!

Ungrateful man, I heard a voice return,

You fancied Ill, for want of real, mourn.

This way, blind mortal, turn thy wand'ring
eyes;

And straight he pointed to the ambient
skies.

Gloom was dispers'd, the Moon led forth
her train

Of starry hosts, and brighten'd all the
plain.

Her

Her friendly beams discover'd to my sight,
A man whose armour gave a double light,
Clad in bright steel: gigantic in his size,
His tow'ring head did almost touch the
 skies;

His unsheath'd sword he snatches from his
 side :

I ask the cause : my Genius thus reply'd,
Know you not Mars, of war the mighty
 God ?

Him nations honour, Kings obey his nod:
This bold usurper loudly does maintain
A forward right in Spring's attendant train,
Whose sight is fatal to the peaceful hind,
As wolfs to sheep, or hawks to feather'd
 kind.

By

By him are all their ^Qpleasing views o'ercast;
They fly before him, frightened at his blast :
But lo! obedient to his fierce command,
Some back return, and form a dreadful
band :

The cries of war in louder shouts resound,
Whilst limbs of mangl'd hero's strew the
ground.

With gory step he proudly strides the
plain,

And each fair shroud he stamps with purple
stain ;

In smiles of vengeance gluts his cruel eyes,
Nor heeds the orphans tears or widows
cries.

At

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At his approach e'en Spring his charms
doth hide,

And flow'rs fresh blooming droop beneath
his side ;

Nature herself wears a dejected air,

And, big with horror, drops the pitying
tear.

I would have spoke ; but straight a beau-
teous band

Prevents my words : in mute surprize I
stand.

Venus in smiling looks herself confess'd ;

But chiefly was distinguish'd from the rest

By little loves, that hover'd in the air,

Ready with fragrant wreaths to deck her
hair.

Mars

Mars at her presence wisely left the field;
For well he knew she'd power to make
him yield :

The heroine he saw with conquest crown'd;
Her never-erring shafts most surely wound.

No ornaments she wore but native charms;
These were her best and most resistless arms :

In her right hand a globe she poisoning held,
That partly by her cestus was conceal'd,
And in her left a golden septre bore :

High with rich gems was wrought the
polish'd ore.

Attendant Graces move about the fair,

Their girdles loos'd, and negligent their
air ;

Striking

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Striking their feet to music's magic sound,
With arms entwin'd they danc'd the
sprightly round.

In order next three messengers appear;
They bring glad tidings, that the Summer's
near.

Equal their sway, alike in shape and grace;
But no similitude in either's face.

The first, with rough unpolish'd air ex-
press'd

Passions too stormy for so young a breast:
His looks were rude, his voice a mighty
found,

And when he spoke, was heard like thun-
der round.

Such

Such untaught roughness ill I thought
became

Him, who was sent to speak mild Summer's
fame.

When straight my guide, observant of my
foul,

Address'd me thus, and thus explain'd the
whole.

“Condemn not *March*, nor let thy doubt-
ing eyes

Mislead thee, where no room is for sur-
prize.

Look at him well, now are his conflicts
past,

See the calm beauties o'er his features cast.

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When on thy ear his voice so loudly broke,
'Twas nature's God directed what he
spoke."

He ended here—then mild as gentle dove,
Whose feather'd pinions flutter in the
grove,

The sweet majestic *March* appear'd to view,
And clad in loveliness erect withdrew.

So great the change, I wish'd his longer
stay ;

Tho' for advancing *April* he made way :
Who took his place with thousand pleasures
fraught,

And thousand joys that in his looks he
brought.

Yet

Yet still a cloud would sometimes overveil
The blooming beauties it could ne'er
conceal,

As tho' some secret sorrow rack'd his breast,
Which he with chearful smiles would have
suppress'd :

But vain he strove, nor longer could
disguise ;

The shining tears fell trickling from his
eyes,

And lighted softly on the pregnant flow'r,
Preparing sweetness from th' ambrosial
show'r.

But instantly no trace of care was seen
To cloud his brow and soft attracting mien :

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Fix'd in a smile of rapture and delight,
He gently turn'd, retreating from my sight.
Soon as he went, with forward steps
came on

All-cheering *May*, that loves the warmer
fun :

Near to his side a laughing Cupid stood,
Dipping his arrows in a silver flood ;
And then in wanton play dispers'd them
round,

'Mongst nymphs and shepherds, tripping
on the ground.

Some dance in lively measures o'er the
plain,

And some with merry pipe their joys
maintain.

But

But yet, methought, among the troops
appear'd

Some who with downcast eyes their doubts
declar'd,

Lest the kind nymphs they fought might
be untrue ;

Whilst some, with oaths made protestations
new

Of truth and love, that should for ever last ;

Those the winds caught, and swift as
thought they past.

A form that does alike all hearts engage,

In the full prime and vigour of his age,

Next met my sight, and meeting fix'd it
too :

Ev'n now, methinks, I do the scene review.

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Assist me, memory, and back recal
Each single charm, and then describe them
all.

A ruddy glow of health his cheek confess'd,

Whilst sparkling eyes his tenderness express'd,

At once bespoke him affable and kind,
Rich in his favour, richer in his mind.

Short shining hair, black as the raven's
wing,

Or Cloe's locks, of which the poets sing,
Adorn'd his head, and added double
grace

To the resplendent glories of his face.

Such

and Lady Caroline S——. 151

Such was his form—when through a shady
grove,

In thousand notes, he warbled songs of
love.

Still as he rov'd each shrub sent out a
breeze,

And troops of Zephyrs 'lighted from the
trees,

Who in their infant hands an engine bear,
That scatters sweets, and cools the scorch-
ing air.

Now here, now there, in wanton mazes
play'd ;

Still hover'd round, but never from him
stray'd.

152 *The Histories of Lady Frances*

Two lov'd companions walk'd on either
side,

By Summer dress'd, in all its richest pride.

Aurora first, with looks of blushing hue,

And rosy fingers, dropping pearly dew;

Goddeſs of ſprightly morn, offspring of
light,

Gloom ſhe diſpels, and baniſhes the night;

With Nature's pencil paints the hill and
lawn,

And calls forth bloſſoms, with the early
dawn :

Her robe was modeſt grey, and careleſs
hung,

To guard her tender beauties from the ſun.

Nor

Nor did gay Vesper yield inferior grace ;

Attractive pleasures revel'd in her face.

Her mantle, splendent as the starry skies,

Where azure, gold, and every colour vies,

Hung loose about her waist, and graceful
flow'd,

Which, as she mov'd, a nameless grandeur
show'd.

O had I Titian's pen, who finely drew

The gay creation as it rose to view,

Then would I celebrate her matchless
name,

Then should my Muse rival great Virgil's
fame :

154 *The Histories of Lady Frances*

He, Prince of Poets, charm'd th' attentive
throng,

Who own'd th' inchanting music of his
song.

Lull'd by the sound, their passions softer
grew,

Whilst listning herds and flocks around
him drew.

But chiefly thee, gay Evening, mild, serene,
Whose gentle airs inspire the tender theme,
Taught the sweet bard to sing thy silent
reign,

Where every beauty rules the wide domain;
Thee I invoke, to hear my rural song,
And paint the glories that to thee belong.

Come

Come, my kind Genius, thus I boldly said,
Assist me to describe this heav'nly maid,
Whose form majestic shews from whence
she came ;

For sure no earth can boast so fair a dame.
He bow'd assent, and wav'd his pow'rful
hand ;

The great ideas streight before me stand ;
The fleecy clouds advance in light array,
Call'd at their Monarch's voice, the God
of day ;

In gorgeous pomp they all surround his
throne,

Painting with varied tints the high-arch'd
dome ;

156 *The Histories of Lady Frances*

The bow of Iris, stretch'd from pole to pole:

The grandeur of the sight surpriz'd my soul.

The bright-ey'd Vesper, cloath'd with light,
appears,

And bids the shepherds lose their weary
fears.

At her command they tune the merry reed,
Whilst on the hills their sheep delighted
feed.

Hark! from the wood the softly-cooing
dove,

In mournful melody, laments her love;

And Philomel, in sweeter louder strains,

Of her hard fate and cruel wrongs com-
plains;

The

The thrush, and soaring lark, then shrilling
sing ;

Back to my mind past joy and youth they
bring,

With sad regret that all those hours were
flown,

Ne'er to be met with, never to return :

Whilst thus I stood, I heard a heav'nly
voice,

Who sweetly cry'd, Make happiness thy
choice ;

I'll teach thee how to reach the lofty skies,

Where lamps on shining lamps for ever rise,

Fed with celestial fire, unfading flames ;

To them their great Creator gives their
names.

See !

158 *The Histories of Lady Frances*

See ! see ! said she, how glorious is the
fight !

Millions of worlds all govern'd by his
light !

Learn then, O man ! his mighty works
to prize,

And emulate the heights I bid thee rise.

The sound still vib'rates on my ravish'd
ear ;

The voice of Virtue spoke her presence
near.

The scene now chang'd, but still all
gaily dawns ;

For sprightly *June* came tripping o'er the
lawns ;

And

And in his hand bore Summer's balmy
flow'rs,

Pluck'd from the Eglantine and spicy
bow'rs.

Then follow'd close, and in their footsteps
trod,

Ceres, attended by the sylvan god ;

Ceres, whose brow with ripen'd wheat was
bound,

And Pan, that made the harmonious pipe
resound.

A rustic train, ready with nimble hands,

First bound the sheaves that crown'd the
yellow lands ;

Then join'd with Pan the revels of the plain,

In merry song forgot their weary pain ;

Led

160 *The Histories of Lady Frances*

Led by the oaten reed, they left the grove,
And distant shouts their finish'd work
approve.

O happy swain ! said I, whose quiet rest
Nothing disturbs, no guilty cares molest :
Content is giv'n to thee, thou know'st her
well ;

In humble cottages she loves to dwell :
There thou enjoy'st her, and, without
controul,

She sheds her blessings o'er thy homely
bowl.

Health, her companion, ever blithe and
free,

All her choice balsams has in store for
thee.

O

O could I but enjoy those gifts, I cry'd :
Enjoy them then, my Genius soon reply'd ;
For know, fond man, these are the gifts of
 heav'n,

And where are most deserv'd, are mostly
 giv'n :

But see, said he, observe who now comes on,
Ready to sink beneath the mid-day sun.
Then pointing to the covert of a wood,
July and *August* near each other stood ;
But seem'd with scorching heat to be
 opprest :

In vain did Zephyr fan their burning breast.
The last of these attempting to have fled,
The dog-star levell'd at his fainting head,

Loaded

162 *The Histories of Lady Frances*

Loaded with fruits, which he could scarce
sustain ;

With slow and weary pace he left the
plain :

When instantly methought one came to
view,

Whose hair was grey, mix'd with a jetty
hue :

Around his loins a fading robe was bound,
Much like to fallen leaves that strew'd the
ground ;

On which walk'd Plenty, healthful and
serene ;

Fix'd on her head a wreath of ever-green ;

Whilst

Whilst from an horn with lib'ral hand she
pours

The purple fruits and variegated flow'rs.

Smiling Pomona held a crystal cup

Of sparkling cyder, rising o'er the top;

And Bacchus, in a chariot swiftly drawn,

By spotted tigers, pass'd the verdant lawn;

Light-footed satyrs, fawns, and sylvans
stray'd,

Before the laughing God, and wanton
play'd.

Next after him *September* cross'd the plain,

And seem'd to promise a new spring again.

The liv'ry of those charming months he
wore,

And in his face their soft attractions bore.

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A Figure follow'd him, whose tawny shape
Was dy'd with juices of the clust'ring
Grape.

In active vigour did he strive to lose
The marks which age spread o'er his
wrinkl'd brows.

But by a foil, that close his steps pursu'd,
He seem'd like one, who had his youth
renew'd.

This was pale Winter, who with tott'ring
pace,

Bent forward on, whom two supporters
grace.

From down his drooping head was seen to
flow

Long silver locks, that look'd like real snow,

And

And hung about with thousand crystal
bells,

Bearing similitude to icicles.

A vest bound closely round his body clung,
Compos'd of furs, with flakes of wool
among.

Yet did he seem so pinch'd, so full of care,
So meagre, so devoted to despair,

That all relief I thought would come in
vain,

When his two friends with chat beguil'd
his pain.

First Comus, God of revels and of joy,
Boasted his festivals would never cloy.

For

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For thee, said he, my choicest sports I
keep,

Sweeter than purling rills, or bleating
sheep ;

For thee soft music, dance, and song, I
bring ;

Do joys like those attend the forward
Spring ?

For thee my dishes shall be richly stor'd ;

For thee my gen'rous wine shall crown
the board ;

For thee I'll form the dear bewitching dice ;

Thousands to them shall fall a sacrifice.

Her charms the magic paper shall unfold,

And pour into thy lap her tribute, gold.

These,

These, and as many other blessings more,
Have I for thee, my only friend, in store.
'Twas here he ended, and from Winter
broke

Applauding smiles — While thus Fate's
mother spoke :

O gentle Winter ! were it not for me,
None of those promises he gives to thee
Could he fulfill. 'Tis I that make them
good ;

Necessity is not to be withstood.

I lend him all his charms ; by me he stands
Only to execute my fix'd commands.

I speak the word, and give him pow'r to
please ;

Should I withdraw, I shorten all his days.

Thus

168 *The Histories of Lady Frances*

Thus with unweary'd talk they pass'd
along ;

Methought their voice was sweet as shep-
herd's song.

What still delighted and surpriz'd me
more,

Was the gay mantle that young Comus
wore :

The nearer side, in various colours wrought,
Display'd the different joys that pleasure
brought.

Here jocund mirth and laughter fill'd a
space,

And there you might sweet satisfaction
trace ;

With

With merry jest, that did two faces wear,
And in the mix'd diversions bore a share.
But oh ! what horror and amazement
fright

My stagger'd sense, that sicken'd at the
fight !

For as he turn'd his back to quit the fields,
Deformity advanc'd, and Beauty yields.

His mantle, which before had look'd so gay,

Now other figures to my eye display ;

Rapine and Murder, with dishevell'd hair,

And daggers dipt in blood, and wan
Despair ;

Anger, in colours of a scarlet dye ;

And pale Suspicion, with a squinting eye.

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Bald was his head, with age his limbs did
bend,

And dire misfortunes all his steps attend.

Shock'd at a form so dreadful to my view,

I hastily my blasted sight withdrew;

When aged Saturn did methinks appear,

And in his hands a scythe and hour-glass
bear.

Behind Necessity bright Vesta stood,

Replenishing her lamp from oily flood;

And then with chafing warmth she smooth'd
the brow

Of cold Necessity, who deign'd to bow;

And at her mild but penetrating voice,

Assum'd a shape that most resembled
Choice.

Learn

Learn hence from this, my kind instructor
said,

To find the paths, where Virtues only
tread,

And they will lead you on to flow'ry dales,
Where Honour, Love, and Innocence pre-
vails.

These words pronounc'd with energy di-
vine,

The friendly Genius added, " Make them
thine."

My eyes unclos'd; but still upon my mind
His precepts hung; they left their force
behind.

Miss HAMILTON to *Miss* WENT-
WORTH.

CAN you tell, Harriet, what made my uncle so much out of humour with this charming town, as to think of immuring us so many years in the country? But hush! ungrateful girl, you will say, was he not as much your parent as mine?—I acknowledge it, my dear; and believe me, I meant no reflection on his revered memory: rather it was the sallies of a youthful heart, besotted with the thousand agreeable things I have seen, heard and admired, in the short, very short month I have commenced a follower of pleasure.—Now, to
be

be serious, for I think it is time to have done with my mad humour, I protest, my dear, some of your ideas are very pretty and very strange. However, as you are my particular friend, I will endeavour to set you right; and convince you too that my heart, tho' not of the salamander kind, can live in the midst of fire and smoke without being hurt.—That the latter generally proceeds from the former, our eyes might persuade us country girls. But trust me, Harriet, it is not the same thing in town. Here the Priest of Beauty will, with half a dozen sighs, raise an incense, the smoke of which shall ascend into your very heart; and when you come to examine, you find it is

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wonderfully rais'd, without the assistance of a flame: yet these impostors would fain make you believe, that there is one; and more, that you lighted it with your own sparkling eyes, snowy complexion, or some such fire-striking composition: but their tricks are now so common, that scarce a goddess will accept their adorations. For my part, I am yet a mortal; but should any of those smart transformers exalt me to that dignity, I hope their smoke would not have its usual effect of blinding the eyes, or throwing a cloud over the understanding. Don't be surpriz'd if your Juliet, who is enter'd into the gay circle, can bear the sight of blue ribbands and embroidered coats without being
dazzled

and Lady Caroline S——. 175

dazzled by them : for I'll assure you I shall always distinguish modest merit in plain ones.—In return for your kind solicitude, suffer me to point to you your own danger. If you continue to retain such great fondness for shady groves, and purling streams, you will certainly one day meet the fly deceiver. Then, child, how would you run from him? Methinks I could draw you a good resemblance ; and if ever I happen to be of his acquaintance, depend on it I will. I have been told, my dear, that he lurks conceal'd by flowers, and feigns himself asleep ; that, if discover'd, he might be taken for innocence.—But perhaps this was said by a censorious person, who had suffer'd

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from him; and was for that time only the mark of his vengeance; so, as this charitable way of judging leaves him less guilty, I would not have you be too credulous. Believe him what he affects to be, then will I venture to pronounce your fate. And, if I am as successful as goodwife Wrinkle, goodwife Witchall, or any of these good wives, I shall expect a pair of gloves, and a very handsome favour.— You will in a fine evening, invited by the neighbouring birds (which are to this wing'd boy what the jackall is to the lion) be tempted to approach his haunts; and, as if infatuated, that you might have no way to avoid him, you take in your hand a favourite poet, who has beautifully

fully describ'd his Henry and Emma. You enter so deeply into her soft distress, that you forget whither you are strolling; when from his covert flies the sure archer, and hovering over your head, the flutter of his silken wings awakens you. In vain drops the book from your hand; in vain do you attempt escaping; the mischief is already done; and then, to atone for it, he presents himself in the form of Mr. Friendford; for, Proteus like, he can assume what shape he pleases. You seem delighted with the change; and after a few faint struggles for your liberty, I see him lead you to a sacred temple, and a great black man put on your chains. This I could distinguish, that they were so

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well chosen, as not to deserve that name, if the world had not before fix'd on them the appellation. — Now you must let my imagination, after having taken such a flight, again descend, and suffer me to write of drums, routs, and other terrestrial affairs.—I have already been at every public diversion, of which my most favourite one is the theatre. The Earl carried Lady Lucy and myself last night to see that incomparable tragedy of Lear, which has so often drawn tears from our happy fireside, when my good aunt has been reading it to entertain her girls. In the midst of these scenes, enough to strike horror into the bold, I could not help glancing my eye on the insipids. The beaux were ken-

and Lady Caroline S——. 179

ning through their glassees at the belles, who look'd as if they thought themselves entitled to their soft homage ; and by affected whispers, and frequent tosses of their heads, took some pains to shew that their thoughts were employ'd on their personal charms, and not on the poet. You, my dear Harriet, seldom, see affectation in the circle of our neighbourhood ; but here it is oftener met with ; as much among the men as the women. It is true, as Hamlet says, God has made us one thing, and we make ourselves another. We lisp, we amble, and we nick-name his creatures. — I have hitherto kept my natural complexion ; but how long I may keep it, is uncertain ;

certain ; and you might well tremble, if Lady Lucy did not keep me in countenance, lest I should be tempted to mix in this fashionable foible : for is it not a great temptation to be celebrated by some modern poet for a fine skin ? where the lilly and the rose are happily blended ? and those lovely flowers at any season of the year to be purchased at a perfumer's shop. Medea certainly kept one, and it was the art of painting, that could renew an old face, tho' Ovid conceal'd it from us, making it a prodigy. Now indeed the wonder ceases, since a grandmother can, in the small space of three hours, put on the bloom of youth. — I have had my humour for gaieties indulg'd,

and Lady Caroline S——. 181

dulg'd, having been in the pursuit of novelties from the time of my arrival. My brother is our constant attendant, whenever we are disposed to be on the wing; and has the honour to have his proposals meet a favourable reception from the Earl, and Lady Lucy who sees his merit, and generously owns her approbation of it. — I am this afternoon going to Lady Eglington's rout; so the important business of the toilette, which is indispensable, calls me off from my pen; but I shall soon again reassume it.——

Friday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple have just left me; she hearing I had not finish'd this letter, bid me tell you,

I

that

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that matrimony and freedom are very consistent. She leaves you to solve the riddle : tho' I know that she means to do honour to her husband in this, as she does in every thing else. Yes, Charlotte, I am determin'd to set your actions in as full a light as my pen can command. Indeed she shines so bright, that, like Venus, she eclipses all the stars in her neighbourhood. — She is so chearful, and comes into Mr. Temple's sentiments with so much alacrity, that they always seem her own. You know he has a fine taste for music and painting : he is her instructor in those sciences, and she has made an astonishing proficiency in them, tho' my surprize is no more, when I reflect on the
motive

and Lady Caroline S——. 183

motive that leads her forward to perfection, and tunes her soul to harmony. I am apt to think, if any interesting story were to be related, she would, like Eve, have suspended her curiosity, though an angel had been the relator, till she could have heard it from her husband. Don't you think, Harriet, the words husband and wife would sound very musical, if the examples I have just set before you were more numerous? but for the generality, the men are fond of power, fond of shewing it, and the women alike contending for dominion; so that those links are form'd, by their contention, into galling chains, which both pull separate ways, without being able to divide. Every little

art

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art which before marriage was used to keep up affection, is after it thrown aside as useless ; and instead of looking on each other as united to make life more agreeable, by softening distress, and enlivening joy by their unanimity ; they oftener, by their disagreements, embitter those hours, which would have flown away with pleasure, if they had acted like reasonable creatures.—

Bless me ! what a licence have I given my pen ! I will stop this subject, or I do not know what lengths it may carry me.—Shall I, quite unexperienced in these matters, pretend to prate ? or am I sure of not running into those very follies I have been censuring. On examining my heart, I find it would be a little refractory,

fractory, and it is likely I should not be that good humble domestic I have been describing.—Lady Lucy is more and more concern'd that Lord Ormsby is not come back from Lord Edgmoore's: she frequently receives letters from him fill'd with excuses, now of one sort, then of another; but he never fixes any time for his return. Some very black stories have lately come out of this Nobleman, of whom he is so fond. As she was talking to me yesterday on that subject, how, said she, Juliet, would you advise me to act in an affair of so nice a nature? I have often in my letters solicited his return, but those solicitations he neglects. My father is at present kept easy by the arts he uses to
excuse

excuse himself. Besides, though he disapproves an intimacy with Lord Edgmoore, he is not yet acquainted with half his faulty character ; not to call it by a fouler name.—Were I to speak of it to him, I know my brother would never pardon me ; but on the other hand, continued she, he is a very dangerous companion. My brother has great vivacity and strong passions ; Lord Edgmoore is an artist in them ; who, I doubt not, will watch opportunities to ensnare him ; for he covers his libertinism with Machiavelian art : collecting from every ground the flowers of rhetoric to embellish arguments which he is conscious want a basis. Think you, my dear, he can entertain a snake in his bosom without

and Lady Caroline S——. 187

without being hurt? I replied, that his Lordship certainly detested Lord Edgmoore's principles, while he admired his conversation. Or perhaps was a stranger to the most faulty part of the former: so she determin'd to let it rest till his return. — In listening to this amiable woman, I spend my most agreeable hours. Light and shade was never more happily blended, than the gay and the grave are in every subject she introduces. And so beautifully does she vary them, that I never hear any complaints of vapours, dullness of the weather, or stupidity of the town, from any of her acquaintance, when with her. As I was thinking to draw some characters which are not new to you, but
to

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to be found at dear Ashly, word is brought me that the coach waits to carry us to a china-shop, in which I shall view a large number of Mandarines, and other toys, that we for the generality have too great a fondness for ; neglecting essentials to happiness in pursuit of them. You see how much I am indulg'd in my foibles ; but I hope in time, by the force of good examples, to conquer them. Thank you, my dear, for your kind admonitions ; and assure yourself, that they are treasured up in the heart of

Your affectionate

JULIET HAMILTON.

Between this and the following, several letters are omitted.

Miss

Miss HAMILTON to *Miss* WENT-
WORTH.

O My Harriet! we have been, for some days past, all consternation. Poor Lady Lucy! dear creature! how has she been distress'd! how have we all been distress'd! But don't be frightened; all is now over, and my sweet friend again enjoys her chearfulness. The good Earl has been seiz'd with the gout in his head and stomach, in so violent a manner, that it for some days baffled the skill of the physicians: they have at last succeeded, and he is now out of danger. A messenger was sent to Heartley-Abbey, to acquaint Lord Ormsby (who I wrote you had been there near

near three months) with his father's illness. Lady Lucy was distracted with her fears on a double account, at finding the servant return without him ; his Lordship being absent from it. It was not till yesterday he arrived. The Earl's impatience to see him was great, and their meeting tender ; for he has always been a dutiful and affectionate son : but I know you are one of his admirers, so need say no more in his favour. Lady Lucy seldom leaves the Earl's apartment ; and he is now so much recover'd as to sit in his library ; I spent great part of my time with them. Tho' he is not a Stoic, he has borne his pain with a calmness and fortitude which are seldom the attendants of that excruciating

and Lady Caroline S——. 191

ciating disorder.—I am this moment
summoned by her Ladyship to sing
to the earl his favourite song, which
being wrote by Lord Ormsby, I
inclose it for you. Pray, has my
aunt receiv'd my long letter of
Thursday last? I hope soon for
another dear favour from her, and
to be again assur'd she will always
love

Her and your

JULIET HAMILTON.

W H E N

I.

WHEN to Cloe I talk'd of the lilly
and rose,

And swore her complection was equal to
those,

'Twas to judge of her sense ; for had she
thought it true,

Those charms had been lost, and no longer
her due.

Your pride then disarm ;

Let it always alarm

Your prudence, to hear yourselves prais'd ;

For no good is design'd,

Thus attacking your mind,

When you seem with gross flattery pleas'd.

To

II.

To try her still further, she has heard me
declare

She rival'd Love's Goddess for shape and
for air ;

The rapture with which her reply I re-
ceive,

Shews what pleasure it gives that I could
not deceive.

All pride she disarm'd,

Her sense was alarm'd,

Tho' with justice it was that I prais'd ;

It was good I design'd,

It exalted her mind,

When she seem'd not with flattery pleas'd.

III.

Ye fair, learn from Cloe those arts to
despise,

Which she soon would discover through
flattery's disguise ;

So shall ev'ry sweet feature receive a new
grace,

Enlivened by sense, which time cannot
erase.

You always will find,

We can value a mind,

When beauties no longer invite.

Such charms 'tis as those,

That you never can lose ;

Nor can they e'er fail to delight.

Miss

*Miss HAMILTON to Miss WENT-
WORTH, in continuation.*

A Seal'd note this morning from my brother, desiring an uninterrupted conversation with us, and that we would order ourselves to be denied to every one besides, strangely alarmed Lady Lucy; who immediately cried, O Juliet! some misfortune has befallen my brother. — I had no such fear; for well I knew, if that had been the case, he would first have disclosed it to me. Not but she had some seeming reason to be uneasy; for yesterday Lord Ormsby left the Earl's house just as I had sent you my last letter; and that in a very odd manner. — Soon

K 2

after

after tea, having borne the greatest share in quite a sprightly conversation, he went out of the room with my brother; but first made me promise to engage with him at piquet. Lady Lucy saying, she would be of our party, and Sir William declaring the same, we determin'd in favour of quadrille; for whist being first propos'd, his Lordship objected to it, telling us he was not in a humour for any thing half so serious, going from us singing an Italian air. In about ten minutes the Earl went to his chamber, attended by Lady Lucy, who return'd at one door, as Lord Ormsby and my brother enter'd at the other; and telling them we were ready to play, we seated ourselves at the card-table.

His

His Lordship, with a good deal of haste and perplexity in his air and words, said, what pain it gave him that he could not be of our party, having appointed some gentlemen, when at Heartley-Abbey, to meet them in town that evening, in order to go to Marlborough. Which engagement he had forgot, till a message from them reminded him of it. Lady Lucy replied, she hoped he would not think of setting out so late in the evening. He could not avoid it, he said; but would go no further than Sir Robert Trevor's that night; and should return in a day or two. Then renewing his apologies to Lady Lucy, my brother, and self, he very abruptly withdrew.—What has made me so particular is, that

you might see the reason Lady Lucy had for her uneasiness, when this note arrived from my brother. His request being immediately granted, a few minutes brought him to us. The first words Lady Lucy pronounc'd were, Tell me, Sir William, pray tell me, has not some accident befallen my brother?—He is well Madam, he replied; I am just honour'd with a letter from his Lordship, by whose commands I am to disclose to you an affair of an uncommon and very interesting nature. Knowing my happy sister shares your Ladyship's confidence, I thought her presence might not be unseasonable. Proceed, Sir William, said she; for I can have no affairs in which my Juliet's opinion
and

and Lady Caroline S——. 199

and advice shall not be solicited.—
Something of greater moment than
our return to this obliging compli-
ment, must now engage you. But
before you unfold the commission
he had receiv'd from Lord Ormsby,
first read this short preface.—Your
Ladyship, said my brother, knows
that there are numberless imper-
fections interwoven in our compo-
sitions; but as the mind I am now
speaking to abounds with generous
principles, I am assured, that when
you have seen Lord Ormsby's let-
ters, your judgment will be soften'd
by mercy, and you will forget that
a fault has been design'd, which is
now sincerely repented of by your
belov'd brother.—My brother! my
brother! Sir William!—Yes, Ma-

K 4

dam;

dam ; I am sorry to say it is ; but when you reflect on his intimacy with Lord Edgmoore, you will no longer wonder that his passions ran wild in his company ; tho' Lord Ormsby is too generous to throw any part of the odium on him. O my dearest friend ! said she, where will this end ! now is all I ever dreaded, now are all my apprehensions, too fatally fulfilled. Sir William calls him faulty ; would to God his conduct might not deserve a worse appellation !—You have nothing to fear, Madam, he return'd. —Indeed, my Lucy (for she seldom suffers me to give her another title) you can have nothing to fear, repeated I, endeavouring to stifle my unfavourable ideas. Does my brother's
ther's

ther's countenance bespeak any offence, that Lord Ormsby's goodness cannot atone for. Don't flatter me, Juliet; don't flatter me, Sir William; let me know all; for no certainty can be more dreadful than my suspense—And she hid her tears with her handkerchief.—You may remember, Ladies, continued he, when his Lordship left us the last evening, that it was with more haste, and I thought, concern, than he needed shewing on the occasion which he pretended oblig'd him to leave us.—And was he not going to Sir Robert Trevor's? interrupting him; was he not engag'd with a party for Marlborough? was all this pretence?—O my poor brother! has art possess'd that heart

K 5

which

which till now I have believ'd to be the feat of sincerity!—I pretend not to be the advocate of one, replied my brother, who must have much more prevailing ones in the breast of his generous sister. I shall only relate circumstances, such as to me they appeared, in justice to him: as I am convinced the motive that caused him to wear the face of deception, will take off from the mask, if not all, yet great part of its natural deformity.—A bad cause, Sir William, she return'd, requires a good counsel; and I fear such is that you have now undertaken: but pray, Sir, go on.—You must remember too, continued my brother, with what high spirits his Lordship went from the Earl's library; after

2

which

which we took several turns in the picture gallery, and for some time talk'd of our Italian tour ; when shifting the conversation, he began to entertain me with the manner in which he spent his time at Heartley-Abbey. He had but just enter'd on this subject, when a servant deliver'd him a letter. I walk'd to another part of the gallery while he perused it, and was looking at a picture ; but hearing him strike his foot to the ground, exclaiming, O cursed fate ! I said, I hoped nothing had happen'd to disturb him ; speaking to the same effect three or four times, before he gave my words the least attention. At last, putting the letter hastily into his pocket, and seeming to recollect himself—

Only, said he, that I have made an engagement, which has till this moment slipp'd my memory ; and then calling a servant, order'd his horse to be instantly got ready. Returning to the library, your Ladyship heard what he further said of his appointment. — Not half an hour since, one of his servants brought me these letters, and this packet, giving them both to her Ladyship. This was his letter to my brother.

“ If my Hamilton at this time thinks me deserving his friendship, if he thinks me innocent, how will he be startled at the guilty appearance which I must now make before him ! My struggling heart was last night, as we were walking in
the

the picture gallery, often about to reveal its unmanly purposes, in hopes to find persuasions in your bosom to force me from them. I began a conversation that would have led me to discover this deed, the blaster of my peace and reputation ; when, if you recollect, a letter was deliver'd me, which I have inclosed. You saw the workings of my agitated soul, on receiving it, and kindly endeavour'd to dive into its secrets ; but fear of being prevented from flying to the relief of all I hold most dear, stopp'd the course of my first intentions, and I fram'd the excuse of my going in a party to Marlborough. Indeed, I now hate myself ; and would, if possible, lose recollection. But this cannot be.

And

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And since I have some hours of dreadful suspense still remaining, I will employ them in writing you the whole of this black transaction, from my first acquaintance with guilt, to my closer connection with it; having no inclination for sleep, which I fear I have murdered.— If I have not forfeited the regard of every worthy heart, that which is already dear to me by friendship, and will, I hope, soon be bound to me by a double tie, will not refuse me his advice and assistance in this affair; being assured, that with the deepest contrition it is now reflected on by

His unhappy

ORMSBY."

This

and Lady Caroline S——. 207

This was the inclosed, from a very vile woman.

“ *My Lord,*

Miss Dalton was yesterday seized with faintings, followed by a violent fever and delirium. What surprises me greatly is, that your Lordship is detected; for in her ravings she calls you deceiver, and is not a stranger to your title. Seeing her in imminent danger, I call'd in Lord Edgmoore's physician, who has very small hopes, if the fever does not soon abate. She told me she was not ignorant what hands she had fallen into, and that it was not in the power of my employers to detain her from her friends. — If she lives, I believe your Lordship will
have

have more trouble in conquering her obstinacy, than in convincing numbers of other fine women, that your Lordship's scheme of happiness is eligible. Lord Edgmoore was here yesterday, wanting to see your Lordship : he came disguis'd as my brother, and was much disappointed at not meeting you here. As soon as Miss Dolton was taken ill, finding your plot suspected by her, I dispatch'd a messenger to acquaint your Lordship of it ; and he not returning, order'd another with this. John, who was the first person I sent, had been drinking with Lord Edgmoore's servants ; so made himself incapable of sitting a horse, which is the reason your Lordship did not sooner hear from me. Your
Lord-

and Lady Caroline S——. 209

Lordship may rely on my secrecy and fidelity, which I can convince you are untainted, by the close watch I have kept over her. If your Lordship cannot be here to-night, beg to know how to proceed; and your Lordship's commands shall be honour'd and obey'd by

Your obedient humble servant,

J. ROGERS."

Lady Lucy gives me leave to lay this picture of suffering innocence before you, which you will find in Lord Ormsby's packet. That too will assure you how much his Lordship repents of having entertained any thoughts to its prejudice.—

Lord

*Lord ORMSBY to Sir WILLIAM
HAMILTON.*

HOW difficult is it, my friend,
to call back departed honour,
when she is once offended, to her
forsaken seat ! how difficult to per-
suade the mind to yield up its un-
worthy principles ! the fit inhabi-
tants of darkness. In my breast
they have lain conceal'd, like hard-
en'd thieves, to surprize me un-
guarded, and rob me of my repose.
Yet difficult as is this task, I will,
in justice to the most amiable wo-
man in the world; forget that I am
accusing myself ; and you shall see
I will expose my most secret crimes,
condemning them with the same
impar-

impartiality I would those of my greatest enemies. But before you read what follows, prepare your admiration, equal to what I know will be your abhorrence.—But no more—I think I have now summoned resolution to go through my painful task. Rejoiced to meet the man, whose friendly offices for me when abroad (especially in preventing me from an unreasonable tho' just revenge) had made me wish never to be separated from him; I omitted, if you recollect, when I was so happy as to see you at the masquerade, no arguments to prevail on you to return with me to my father's. Would to God you had accepted them! then, perhaps, should I have escaped my own mischief.

chief. All I could say wanted force, oppos'd to your inclination to embrace your sister; and as I could not detain you with me in town, I set out the next day for Heartley-Abbey. Lord Edgmoore expected me; and I found many other young gentlemen with his Lordship. I had never been there but once before; and now every thing conspir'd to delight and entertain me. Our minutes roll'd on with pleasure; gay wit, and social harmony, always presid'd at his table. When our conversation happen'd to turn on the knotty points of philosophy, his Lordship seem'd to solve them by his happy elocution; carrying off the palm of victory in a manner that charm'd the vanquish'd; tho',

I must own, he often went too far, in attacking subjects only fit to be spoken of by angels. One day the circulating glass firing our imaginations, a gayer subject introduced itself; we all begun to expatiate on the power of beauty: Lord Edgmoore said, he had often felt its force; but I declar'd, that a fine woman, without good sense and good nature, I could look on with as little emotion, as I could behold the statue of the Grecian Venus; though, where I found internal beauty, united with the external, then indeed my danger was great. This declaration drew on me volleys of laughter; I join'd in it; but still held fast my opinion, and then gave a description of the woman I should like

like for my companion. Lord Edgmoore caught the words before they had scarce fallen from my lips ; asking, if I should find an original, that even surpass'd my picture, whether I would consent to be fettered? I replied, That must entirely depend on her station : tho' this I must say, that had I none but my own inclinations to consult, and such a person would give me the preference to all other men, I should not hesitate a moment ; for does not the violet blow as fair, and smell as sweet in the extended fields, tho' hid beneath the humble hedge, as in the parterre of a garden, where it is less secure, and often blasted by the rude breath of envy, because expos'd to be admired. Lord Edgmoore

and Lady Caroline S——. 215

moore mention'd Miss Dalton as mistress of all those perfections; described her person; and rais'd my curiosity to so great a height, that I determin'd to satisfy it, tho' told by him she was inaccessible. As difficulties are always a spur to an active mind, I did not despair of being myself the judge if she merited their applauses; and as her rival for every grace of mind and person, I toasted Lady Frances S——, not at that time knowing she was married to Mr. Worthley. All the company declared in her favour, Lord Edgmoore only dissenting; at the same time saying, if I had any inclination to see Miss Dalton, I might indulge it by going to the church of N——, twenty miles from Heartley-Abby,

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Abby, where she was oftener seen than at any other assembly. I ask'd if he could not introduce me to her? He said, that was impossible, as I should be obnoxious, in the character of his friend, to her grandfather, with whom she liv'd. His Lordship told us, that he once met with a severe reprimand from the old man, in an affair he had engaged in, which was this: A young Lady in the neighbourhood having listen'd to his proposals, and at last assented to them, was preparing to leave her friends, when Mr. Nevison discover'd, and prevented her designs, by setting her folly before her, in so glaring a light, that she fled from it, leaving Lord Edgmoore to his cooler reflections. This
his

his Lordship express'd his resentment at, in a very warm manner; nor did we in our censures spare the inter-meddler. I judged of his disappointment, by what my own in his case would have been: for I had by my false reasoning set the purchase of guilty pleasures at too high a rate. — The next Sunday I mounted my horse, attended only by one servant, in whom I had the most confidence; and charging him not to answer any impertinent questions of who I was, my quality, or the place from whence I came; I neither spared them or myself, and was but two hours on the road. Alighting at a small inn, I enquired for the church, and was conducted to it by a country-man going that

way ; who said we were full late ; for that parson Nevison and young Madam had been gone about a quarter of an hour. — Tho' I knew whom he meant by the latter, yet that I might have the character she bore among the meaner kind of people, I ask'd what sort of a man he was ? whether a good preacher ? and lastly, whether the young Lady he mention'd was his daughter ? — I find your Honour, said the honest man, is a stranger in those parts, or you must know our minister, God preserve en, is a despard old man, that buried a wife most eighteen years ago, the very day my biggest boy was born, saving your presence. — Then said I, still encouraging him to speak by my own freedom,

freedom, Mrs. Nevison must leave her daughter very young I suppose. No, no, Measter, he replied, she have liv'd up to London, tending upon a great gentlewoman, the Dutchess of ——, I think they call her, going on for five and twenty years; and there she made a find hand of it, and married one of the Lerd's serving men; zo zent down her daughter to be kept by old measter. And to be zure he loves her, vor all the world like and en she was his own child. She is the very life and soul of his old age.— Then, said I, I was mistaken, I find; it is his granddaughter that lives with him, and not his daughter.—No odds vor that; he always calls her zo; and lookey, dy'e zee,

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he have sated a vine portion vor her ;
a matter of ten hundred pounds, as
I've been told ; and God blefs her ;
she deserves a power of riches ; vor
to be zure she is zo charitable, and
zo tender-hearted, that not a man,
woman, or child, but would be
ready with their lives to sarve her.
'Twou'd do a body's heart good to
zee her, though kept so vine as a
queen, curchee to the poorest body
in all the town, as thof we were all
gentlevokes. T'other day she meet
my wife, with a little babby in her
arms ; and zo she took'd it, and kifs'd
it, and call'd it as thof 'tad been the
child of a rich body ; and than, marcy
on us ! no woman in town can hold
a candle to her, she is zo pritty,
and looks zo sweet-temper'd, that

every body, to be zure, is ready to worship her. Last Zunday our parson was telling us as how, if we were good, we should all be turn'd into angels, and such-like : than told us as how they were all soul, and beautiful—looking down upon young Madam, as if he would say—as my granddaughter.—I was delighted with this simple yet lovely copy of nature ; and should have been as ready to listen, as he seem'd ready to entertain me with more of the same subject ; which I saw was to him inexhaustible, had we not by this time reach'd the church door.—When I enter'd, the service was just begun. I placed myself so as to observe, and be as little observed as possible. Notwithstanding

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my caution, my being a stranger drew the eyes of the whole congregation, except the person I came in pursuit of. She was addressing herself to her God, with a sweet and exemplary reverence, by looks of gratitude; thanking him, no doubt, for his protection, and imploring his future favours. Observing her, almost inspir'd me with devotion; the prayers she offer'd up, her soul speaking through her pleas'd eye, informed me were those of choice. The distance seem'd remov'd between her and the great Divinity; for she address'd him more like the affectionate daughter of a fond parent, than a God whose wrath is so justly to be fear'd, when we wilfully incur his heavenly displeasure.

sure. — The good man's plain but beautiful simile of an angel came fresh to my memory, as I had leisure to examine her person, to which it was entirely applicable. Indeed I was struck with the same wonder at first seeing her, as if till then I had been used to nothing but deformity. When I could draw my attention from Miss Dalton, Mr. Nevison engross'd it, who, like a second Nestor, seem'd born for instruction. And for many minutes I had lost my own thoughts in listening to a discourse, eloquent enough for the ear of Tully, yet not above the capacity of the lowest understanding. I am sensible, that in drawing those lovely portraits, my own will appear more black

and ugly ; but no matter ; this is the least reparation I can make them, and the least punishment my crime deserves.—As soon as the service ended, a gentleman that I sat near to, gave me, in a polite manner, an invitation to his house, which I declin'd, telling him, that I should soon again be in that neighbourhood, and would then accept it.—I return'd to Heartley-Abbey full fraught with the praises of Miss Dalton, confessing to Lord Edgmoore, that I had never before seen so much beauty united in one woman : that I could not answer for the consequences, assuring his Lordship that I was not so insensible to it as he imagin'd.—He laugh'd loudly at my being caught by exteri-
riors,

riors, and told me I was a true Mahometan, notwithstanding all my asseverations to the contrary: I denied the charge, repeating those praises I had learnt from my rustic, of which I avow'd myself a sincere believer.—With several fruitless attempts I tried to forget I had ever seen her. In short, I grew reserv'd and splenetic: the occasion was discover'd, and I suffer'd the raillery of my companions; but as I could not then think of blasting so fair a flower, I withstood those arguments they urg'd in favour of a crime, to which they gave a softer name.—But what quick advances does vice make in the soul at the least encouragement given it! What at that time I condemn'd, I have since

taught myself to look on as gallantries incident to youth. Determin'd to leave the country, and try if absence or diversity of objects could not effect my cure, I return'd to town; but neither the company of my best friends, among whom was my Hamilton, or liveliness of the public diversions, could banish her from my thoughts. Having made Lord Edgmoore a promise, at our parting, that I would spend three of the latter months with him; and he often solliciting me to fulfil my engagement; my heart too using all its strength to draw me nearer Miss Dalton, I at last consented, and went down, on his sending me a particular message, that he wanted to consult me on some affairs of his own.

own. Beginning to entertain opinions, which you would not have coincided with me in, I let you remain a stranger to them, whilst you, little thinking the villain lurk'd in my bosom, open'd me a free passage to your thoughts, and made me love the man, whose example the force of my passions would not suffer me to follow.—What pains do we often take to make ourselves wretched! This I experienced at the conclusion of my laborious plan of villainy; a plan entirely productive of my own ruin, and perhaps the death of the suffering excellency. This thought almost drives me to madness; but I will endeavour to check it, or you must still be unacquainted with the road I pursued,

through the various windings and irregularities of vice. Encouraged by seeing numbers of accomplish'd women daily taken in our snares, who seem'd pleas'd with their situations, I presum'd to think that Miss Dalton would not regret being rais'd from low fortune to affluence. I never once propos'd making her my wife, there being insurmountable obstacles in my way; but knowing I could not effect my purposes without a shew of honour, I resolv'd to put on its appearance, and not throw off the mask till secure of her affection. A good foundation this, I thought, to build my hopes on: then my title and fortune assisting, I did not doubt, if she inherited some of those faults common to most

most women, to carry my favourite point, by having a mistress in my possession superior to all those I had ever seen. I no sooner propos'd this scheme, than I put it in execution; threw aside my title as useless, at least for the present; and Lord Ormsby was in an instant chang'd to plain Mr. Beaumont, just return'd from his travels. My fortune affluent and independent: this John was to sound in the ears of the vulgar:—you know how eager they are in their enquiries; and their communicativeness I imagined might be serviceable. In a few days after my arrival at Heartley-Abbey, I went to N——, and there accidentally met with Mr. Clifton, who had before given me
an

an invitation to visit him. I now improv'd this opportunity, recollecting his intimacy with Mr. Nevison, and desir'd he would favour me with an hour's conversation at my inn; which he complied with, and after a good deal of chat, said, he was a fellow collegian of my father's: I happen'd to know the family he talk'd of; which was a circumstance greatly in my favour; otherwise, I should have run the danger of detection.—Among several general topics, he gave me the neighbourhood; but what he said of one, whose very name affected me, I still retain: these were his words; “ Beautiful as Miss Dalton is, and venerated by all who behold her, she shuns applause with industry;

dustry ; the secret satisfaction of virtuous actions being the only reward she wishes or expects from them : she is no stranger to the language and manners of a court, yet never affects any thing above the simplicity of a cottage. Tho' contemplation and retirement are her more welcome entertainments, her ease and freedom give additional charms to those for which her soul is less calculated. Her grandfather, said he, who is learn'd, chearful, and polite, has been her instructor from the first dawning of reason to the meridian height it has now attain'd ; whilst she, by the most grateful returns of affectionate duty, makes his down-hill of life appear to him smooth and level." — After these
parti-

particulars, I thought I should not be suspected, if I desired Mr. Clifton would introduce me to the persons, whose conversation must be so desirable; and immediately told him, I so well liked the situation of N——, and the characters of those he had been just giving me, that I was determin'd to purchase a house there; and should esteem it as an additional favour, if he would bring Mr. Nevison to visit me. — I know not how it was, but I soon grew into Mr. Clifton's esteem, at a time when I was taking methods to render myself hateful to all good men. He was so lavish in my praises, that Mr. Nevison, who seldom left his calm retreat, was prevail'd on by him to come and see me. In the
course

course of our conversation, the old gentleman made me some genteel compliments on my choice of a retired life. I replied, that Horace had first made me love it, by so beautifully painting its charms; and wish'd for the company of my Mæcenas, and a few other friends like him, that with them I might spend my days unmolested by noise and nonsense. Thus artfully did I wind myself into his good opinion, by adopting the sentiments of the poet, and condemning the usurer Alpheus, who could give up all those pleasures he had been describing, at the appearance of his god Mammon; who ungratefully return'd the adorations his votaries paid him, by becoming their tormentor. At Mr. Nevison's
parting

parting with me, he desir'd to see me as often, he said, as I would condescend to honour an old man loaded with years and infirmities. —I counted every tedious hour till the next afternoon, when I went to his house, which stood in the middle of a garden laid out in taste; and tho' small, it was neat and elegant. A servant opening the door of a parlour, where Miss Dalton was employing her delicate finger in embroidery, she rose to receive me, with inimitable grace; and enter'd into conversation with a freedom natural to well-bred people. Mr. Nevison joining us, we were insensibly led to remark the beauties of the Greek and Latin poets; and she discover'd a perfect knowledge of
of

of those languages, but in a manner so full of humility, as made learning appear brighter in her, than in many of our most exalted genius's.—Her grandfather desir'd her to sing his favourite Ode on Contentment: with unaffected ease she immediately complied, and join'd to her voice, which is sweet and full, the harpsichord. Wonder not that those perfections found a way to my heart, where her image before reign'd, and drove out every thought, but those of obtaining so lovely a companion: yet her looks expressing every sentiment of her soul (which is purity itself) and her sprightly wit temper'd with modest severity, conveying all the awe of virtue, I felt its force. For some
hours,

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hours, like the devil, I stood abstracted from my own evil, and for the time remain'd stupidly good.

Her graceful innocence, her ev'ry air
Of gesture, or least action, over-aw'd
My malice, and with rapine sweet,
bereav'd

My fierceness of the fierce intent it
brought.

But when I retir'd from her, fancy
again represented her as the gay, the
kind mistress. In this manner did
I argue against reason : Can a girl
unacquainted with riches, resist the
charms they bring ? may she not
have some sparks of vanity in her
composition ; and may I not, by
the breath of flattery, blow those
sparks into flames ? But in vain did
I try that common and generally
success-

successful battery ; she was proof against all its arts : my visits, tho' frequent, were never placed to her account ; tho' I could discern I had by my assiduity gain'd her esteem. With pleasure have I seen her with an additional chearfulness, and the warmest filial duty imprinted on her face, exerting all the powers of sense and eloquence to entertain her aged and almost decrepid grandfather ; which seem'd to soften the rigor of his pain, and banish the remembrance of his misfortunes. — How different from what is call'd the well-bred of her sex, who make the most desirable and necessary duties of life subservient to the least of their amusements. Often have I regretted, that so many fine women
should

should lose, in the stream of pleasure, a sympathizing softness, which nature has originally implanted in them, as a soil more capable of improving those tender seeds, than in us, whose minds are cast in a rougher mould. Difficult as I found it to proceed, I found it as difficult to retreat. — When I reflected, if I should succeed, on the cruelty I should be guilty of to the old man, in taking the darling of his age from him, I detested my villainy, and had once actually run away from this fair temptation. I return'd to Heartley-Abbey with a resolution to see her no more; but when there, again found myself unable to live without her.—I endeavour'd to silence my conscience by representing

ing to it, that I was determin'd to make Miss Dalton as happy as affluence, splendor, and a constant succession of amusements, could make her ; yet was it refractory to my pleadings ; and I was oblig'd to give it some severe blows before it would let me again proceed : its struggles then growing weaker, and pleasure looking me in the face, my doubts of success vanish'd, and I went back to N—— more determin'd and more in love than ever.— After two months spent at that place, I made my proposals of marriage to Miss Dalton. She received them with a generosity equal to her other actions ; and on my asking Mr. Nevison's approbation, he discover'd his joy by the most affectionate

tionate expressions. The prospect of seeing his dear child married to a man he approv'd, who could bestow on her that fortune it was not in his power to give, brighten'd his venerable countenance, and made me again repent imposing on his goodness: but this repentance, like my former ones, was momentary. Imagining the injury I was about to do him would not be irreparable, having by an accident discover'd that Miss Dalton lov'd me, I flatter'd myself with the gayest hopes. — A fever, attended by dangerous symptoms, confined me to my room a fortnight. As soon as I went abroad, I found her grown thin and pale, nor did she scruple to own that her anxiety for me had occasion'd

sion'd it. In short, both Mr. Nevison and herself thought me a man of honour, and as such I was treated by them.—Every hour brought me fresh instances of her regard; whenever I talk'd, tho' on the most indifferent subjects, she was more than commonly attentive; and sometimes I artfully chose those that were distressful, to try the bent of her mind more fully; but never yet saw her affected in a wrong place. For tho' she has all the tenderness, yet has she none of the weakness incident to numbers of her sex.—My plot beginning to thicken, my greatest difficulty was, how to get her at a distance from Mr. Nevison: I saw it impossible to use any of my libertine arguments whilst she was

with him. Accident at last put it into my power. — Miss Dalton shew'd me a letter from her mother, and being call'd out of the room before I had read it, I put it in my pocket: on her return, forgetting to give it her, and finding it that evening in my possession, the devil of invention put a pen into my hand, which wrote so much like Mrs. Dalton, that you would not have distinguish'd the counterfeit; no wonder then, that an unsuspecting innocent was deceiv'd. — This was the letter.

The End of the Second Volume.

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